

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXXIII.

MAY, 1902.

NO. 1.



REHEARSING A PANTOMIME.

STAGING A FAIRY PLAY.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

“PLEASE understand, ladies and children, that these chairs placed in the center are supposed to be the Fairy Queen and the Fairy Godmother. You are bulrushes.”

As he says this, the ballet-master waves his hand at some of the girls in a large group of young women and children. Bulrushes in shirt-waists, short walking-skirts, convenient for stage dancing, and any kind of hats from a leftover summer straw to a Gainsborough! Yet bulrushes they are, for the ballet-master tells them so again as he waves them into a group back of the children.

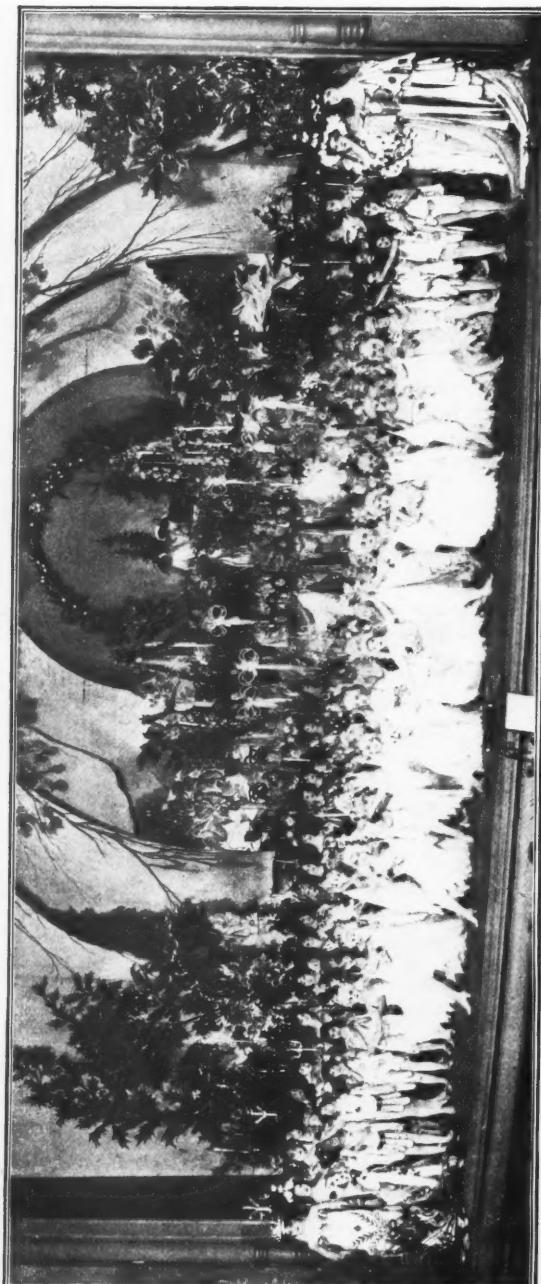
“You are bulrushes, ladies,” he repeats. “The bulrushes go back to the oblique line. The small fairies are at the side.”



THE HARVEST DANCE.

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STAGING A FAIRY PLAY.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AWAKES AT PRINCE CHARMING'S KISS.

Another wave of the hand brings the children into the group.

"Now," he explains, and with a wave of the hand indicating the bare floor, "this is water, and you are grouped on the river-banks, watching the approach of the child Beauty in the shell-boat. Remember, this is water."

Really, it is very funny, but in the evenings a church fair is in progress in the hall in which the rehearsals are being held mornings and afternoons; and, as the ballet-master says for the second time "this is water," he unconsciously waves his hand in the direction of a soda-water fountain which is in use at the fair. There it is, right in front of the group. Some of the girls in the front line could reach out and turn the faucets.

But there is no time for this. The ballet-master has his forces grouped. He claps his hands rapidly. Suddenly he stops and rubs his palms. Evidently they smart from almost continuous clapping, for he takes from one of the seats along the wall a pair of long wooden clappers which he fastens with straps around his hands. With these clappers he gives the signals, at the same time calling out, "Now, ladies!"

The pianist starts up. He is seated at an upright piano, and, unlike the usual "long distance" rehearsal pianist, has his coat on and is not chewing at a cigar butt. Hardly, however, has he begun when a short,

stout man shouts, "Heh, there, that's too fast." The pianist starts again, but it still is not quite right, and the little man bows over to the piano and begins singing the strain. He is the composer.

The pianist resumes, this time without interruption, and the ballet-master, emphasizing his words by bringing the long wooden clappers smartly together, delivers himself of a perfect fusillade of orders, the group of dancers shifting their positions as the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope do with each turn:

"Chassez!"—"Pas de Basque!"—"Tum-tum-tum-tum-tum tum-tum-tum!"—"Pirouette!"—"Balance!"—"Wer-er-un-one!"—"Two-oo-oo-oo!"—"Three-ee-four!"—"Stays!"—"Waltz!"—"Coda Pirouette!"—"Go back to the oblique line, ladies. Take your places for the opening picture—bulrushes grouped at back, small fairies at sides, and the attendants to Fairy Godmother grouped on banks at side of stage. Slow movement for the entrance of the child Beauty in the shell boat. While the boat is coming on, the bulrushes kneel at the side of the lake, ready to receive her."

There is a short break in the rehearsal. The little girls, the small fairies who have been watching the arrival of an imaginary baby Beauty in an imaginary shell-boat from the direction of the soda-water foun-

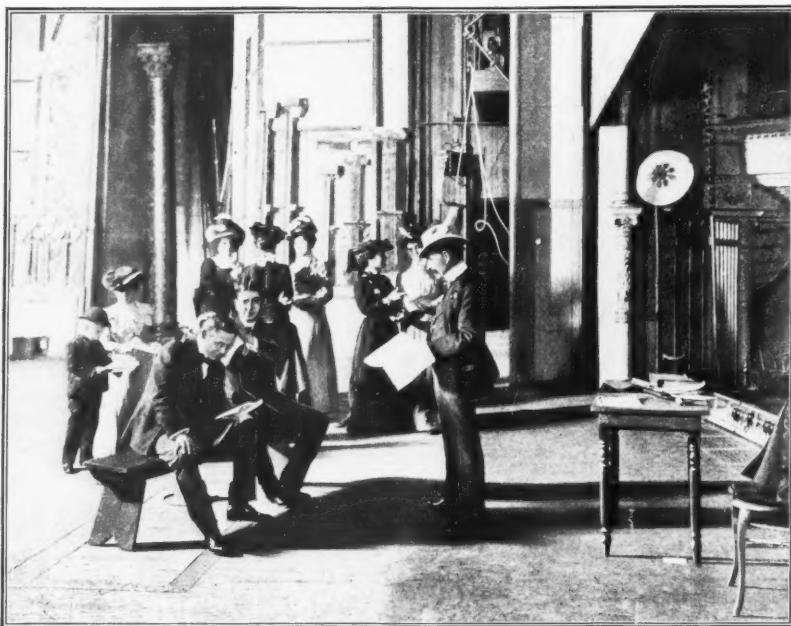
tain, stroll around examining the various booths belonging to the fair. What curious surroundings for a fairy spectacle, with its gorgeous palaces, enchanted woods and dreamlike vistas! All the articles displayed on the booths in the evening have

A HUMAN BLACKBIRD.

been packed away, but the signs are up. It is the "St. Anastasia Soda Fountain" near which they were posed for the water scene. They read about ten-cent chance in doll lotteries, and such signs as "Building Lot, ten cents," "Ton of Coal, ten cents," "Silk Hat, ten cents," "Belt Club Contest," "St. Paul Cigar Stand." Some of the young women of the chorus seat themselves, and it is evident that several of them are great favorites of the children; for there is a scamper of little folk for lap seats, and formations of little groups around each. One young woman, a late



A WITCH INVADES THE FAIRIES' FOREST.



MEMBERS OF THE CAST LOOKING OVER THEIR PARTS.

comer, is greeted by a rush of half a dozen children and exclamations of joy as she enters. It is pleasant to watch the comradeship that exists between the "grown-ups" and the children of the show.

But the ballet-master brings the clappers together again, and calls out, "Come on!" Instantly the various groups dissolve, and quicker than I can tell it are lined up in front of him. He takes a manuscript book and begins reading a description of the scene to them, so that they will understand the reasons for the directions he is about to give them. Meanwhile a number of new candidates for the chorus have come in to have their voices examined, and when the ballet-master has put his dancers through an elaborate figure, the

composer takes his place at the piano, and with a little memorandum pad in his hand begins asking the first applicant questions about her former experience and voice, previous to actually testing her notes. Some of those who already have been engaged stand in a row watching the proceedings, and three of them, including a fairy in a white shirt-waist, perch themselves on chairs and lean over the back of the piano. The applicant is young and pretty, has a fresh voice, and passes the ordeal successfully.

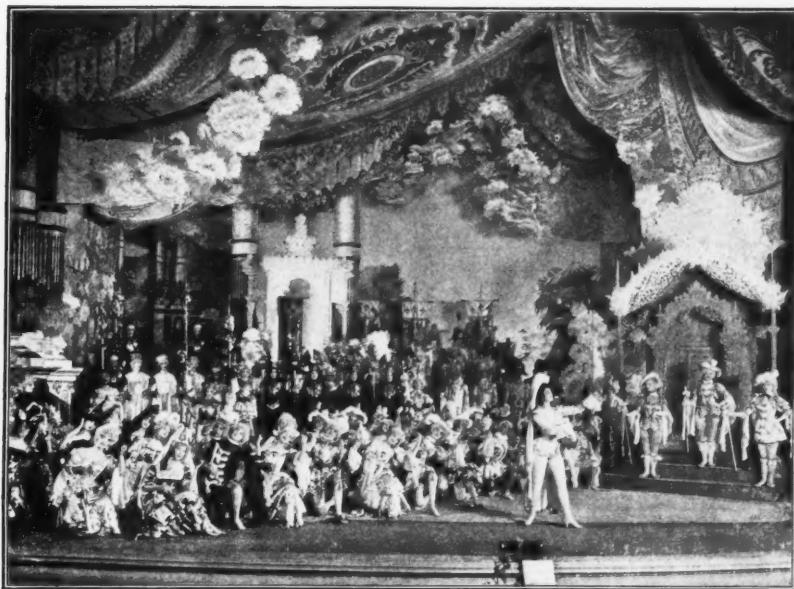
Possibly the holding of this rehearsal for an important production in a hall instead of in a theater may be a surprise to the uninitiated. As a matter of fact, however, during



SKETCH FOR A WITCH'S COSTUME.



A ROYAL PERSON.



A SPECTACULAR EFFECT.

the summer months and early autumn there is so much rehearsing going on in New York that not only are all the theaters occupied with companies, or parts of companies, getting ready for the season's productions, but every available hall is the scene of chorus rehearsals and trials of applicants for minor parts in the winter's productions.

This very rehearsal which I am describing deals only with part of the big production to which it belongs. At the time I am writing of, five other sections of the company are being drilled in as many different halls, the principals are rehearsing in a theater, and the stage of another theater is being changed and made ready for the production itself.

This production has been imported from England. It has taken nearly six hundred large packing-cases to bring it over. Seventy-eight of these are filled with costumes, eight hundred in number; seventy-eight with armor and other appurtenances; one hundred and sixty-nine with "properties," and, as the climax of all, two hundred and eight

with no less than twenty-eight thousand separate pieces of glass used in the construction of the great Crystal Palace, in front of which the last scene of the fairy spectacle, or extravaganza, is played. In addition to this there were forty-eight loads of scenery. But the staging of the glass palace has required the greatest amount of labor. It is not a thing which



MAKING LOVE BY THE BOOK.



A COSTUMER'S FANTASTIC DESIGN.

can be set up in a night. A week or more of labor is required to put it together, so that, once built up, it must remain until the piece has had its run in New York, or the other cities to which it may, in time, be taken. On the Drury Lane stage, where the spectacle comes from, there is enough room to shove this great glass palace to one side and keep it out of sight until it is needed. But there is no such stage in America. Consequently, it has been necessary to make an excavation by blasting into the bed-rock under the stage of the theater where the extravaganza is being produced, and to install a large elevator, on which the

Crystal Palace is built and by which it is raised to a level with the stage when the scene is on and lowered when it is over. The cost of this in itself is an item which would daunt any one but the most enterprising of modern managers. Ten years ago such an initial outlay would never have been made.

England is the home of the Christmas pantomimes, of which the fairy spectacle that I saw in process of rehearsal is one. I understand it is the first attempt to transplant to America, with all due splendor, a regular English Christmas pantomime. Some years ago, I am told, a trial was made on a smaller scale but without success. At all events, that failure gave an ominous sound to the word pantomime among American theatrical men, and for this reason in the staging of the Drury Lane production in this country the word has been dropped and the production is known as a fairy spectacle. I may add, however, that even in England, the home of the Christmas pantomime, the pantomimic features yearly are growing of less importance and more stress is being laid upon a coherent story and the so-called "specialty features" strung to it.

Doubtless in time American managers will produce original shows of this kind,



PRINCE CHARMING PREPARES TO ATTACK THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.



THE CHORUS REHEARSING.

and even in "The Sleeping Beauty and The Beast," the fairy spectacle the rehearsals of which I attended, the managers, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and Mr. Joseph B. Brooks, have introduced many changes in order to make it more suitable for American theater-goers. The pantomime has been entirely dropped from it, and it has been made more of a regular theatrical production. Messrs. John J. McNally and Cheever Goodwin did over the "book," Mr. Fred Solomon practically composed a new score, Mr. d'Auban devised new dances, and Mr. Ben Teall, besides being the generalissimo of the entire production, made many changes in the stage business. But after all, the original production is English, and England is the country where Christmas pantomimes have been constructed for many years, so that the making of them really is an English art, as yet almost unknown in America.

"Boxing Night," the night after Christmas, marks the production of the English pantomime. On that night they are given at Covent Garden and Drury Lane; at the Victoria, Surrey, Elephant and Castle, and Astley's, over the river; or at the East End

houses, the Grecian, Sadler's Wells, Britannia, Pavilion, Marylebone, and Standard; and also at the Alexandra, Crystal Palace, and Aquarium. The Drury Lane and Covent Garden pantomimes are those attended by the "upper ten" juvenile crowd—little "my lords and ladies" and the



A FAIRY.



A WITCH ON INVISIBLE WIRES.

astic children of the poorer classes, to whom this is the event of the year.

At least one year's hard work goes into the making of a Christmas pantomime. For hardly has "Boxing Night," with its latest production, passed when the manager begins casting about for something new for next Christmas. How little the public, which sits in its comfortable chairs watching the glory and glitter of the stage, realizes the expenditure of energy and money that has made that spectacle possible! About the first thing a London manager does after "Boxing Night" is to dash around to all the different pantomime houses, to see what is going on there. From the West End to the East End, across the river and back, he makes the rounds. Even the music-halls are honored with his visits. A man here, a woman there, a troupe of acrobats, a child actress or singer, a clever mimic, may have caught the popular fancy, or he may note how a "specialty act" that has just missed fire might, with a few changes, be made to appeal to popular taste. He makes a mental note to secure these people the following day for his next production. But when he offers them an engagement, he finds that some other manager has been ahead of him and that up have gone the

youthful royalties. It must not be supposed, however, that the love of the Christmas pantomime is peculiar to the rich, for the cheaper places of amusement are thronged with enthusiastic

terms of the attractions he wishes to secure. These "specialty" or vaudeville acts really have become such an important part of the Christmas pantomimes that they are the first to be secured. You might think the piece itself would be of the first importance, but not only does the manager first engage his specialists, but he does not even go about making arrangements for the "book" immediately after he has secured the "specialties." Popular vaudeville turns and spectacular features are of such importance in these shows that, having the "specialties" duly booked, the next person the manager interviews is the scene-painter.

"What have you got in the way of a new ballet and a new transformation scene?" is the question he puts to the scenic artist, and this without even telling him whom he has engaged and without the slightest idea himself what his "piece" is going to be. For he knows, if the scene-painter has something original and startling up his sleeve, everything else can pretty well take care of itself, provided it is up to the standard. Having made his contract with the scene-painter, he seeks out the "literary lions" of Christmas pantomime, for even in the writing of a piece to go with



LISTENING FOR THE FAIRY'S WINGS.

what the scene-painter has promised and the specialties the manager has secured there are various degrees of excellence. "The Sleeping Beauty and The Beast" was, for instance, "invented and written" by Arthur Collins, manager of Drury Lane, and J. Hickory Wood, the nom-de-plume of an English writer of pantomime. As Mr. Collins is a practical manager as well as a



A DEMON.



AWAITING THEIR TURNS TO REHEARSE.

writer, it is not improbable that the usual order of things was reversed and the "book," with its dream spectacle and other beautiful fairy scenes, planned first and the arrangements for the specialists and scenic effects made later.

All this having been attended to, other

details of the production are at once gotten under way. The ballet-master is called into consultation, and when he has planned out his dances, the ballet dancers are advertised for. About five times as many as are needed apply. The first who are told that their services are not needed are those who look old enough to have come over with William the Conqueror. Gradually the reliés are

eliminated until not even one grandmother is left in the front row, and a comparatively youthful-looking army of dancers has been organized. The property master, the electrician and costumers also are put to work, and by the time the various divisions of the company have been rehearsed separately, so that they can be brought together on the stage for the final rehearsals, everything seems in readiness.

Yet it is not quite ready. The scene between the comedians, just before the grand transformation, is over. The signal is given for the drop to go up and disclose what is to be the great spectacle of the evening. Out dashes the boss carpenter. "I can't set that transformation to a few pages of dialogue lasting only a few



A YOUTHFUL PRINCE.



A FLOWER-sprite.

STAGING A FAIRY PLAY.



A WELL-DRILLED CHORUS.

minutes!" Then some means has to be devised of lengthening the scene in order to give the boss carpenter and his assistants more time. The author suggests throwing in another song for the chief comedian. "I have just sung three," says the latter, "and two lungs are all I've got." But at last matters are adjusted in some way and the rehearsal goes on, and by "Boxing Night" everything passes off finely.

Probably Mr. Collins would never have planned "The Sleeping Beauty and The Beast" unless he had known of the aerial ballet troupe, the Grigolatis. Without the flying swallows and the witches who ride through the air on broomsticks, just like the witches we read about in fairy tales, the piece would have lacked some of its most striking features.

I have seen the Grigolatis at rehearsal, and most interesting it is to watch them. This flying ballet takes its name from its first première,

Madame Grigolatis, who is the wife of the director of the Apollo Theater in Berlin, Herr Zschregner. He was the one who "invented" the ballet with the idea of bringing it over to America for the Chicago Fair. But the project fell through, and this is their first appearance in this country. To make their "act" possible, the entire trunk of each dancer's body is incased in a corset of wood and iron. In the back of this corset near the top is an iron hook to which an attendant fastens an invisible wire that runs from the flies. This wire in turn is secured to a strong rope, upon the manipulation of which depends not only the safety of the dancer but the accuracy and to a great extent the grace of her motions. Should the men who manipulate the rope make the slightest mistake in raising or lowering the wires, the dancer might touch the stage when she should be lightly skimming over it,



A WARRIOR BOLD.



THE FINALE OF A FAIRY SPECTACLE.

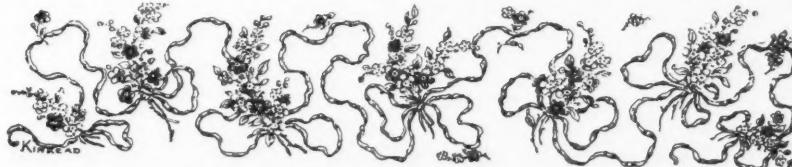
or come down upon it with a shock when she should rest upon it merely with the tips of her toes.

Every spot on the stage on which the flying dancers are to alight is marked with geometrical accuracy, and all the aerial flights which seem so absolutely natural and easy in their results are made according to measurements which have been most nicely calculated. For this reason the men who work the ropes occupy positions as important to the organization as the dancers themselves. These men are all Germans, upon whom military training has impressed the importance of discipline and almost machine-like obedience to orders. With very few exceptions the girls, too, are Germans, but American understudies for them have been trained.

The regular aerial ballet dancers themselves, although they appear every night and at two matinées, are obliged to attend

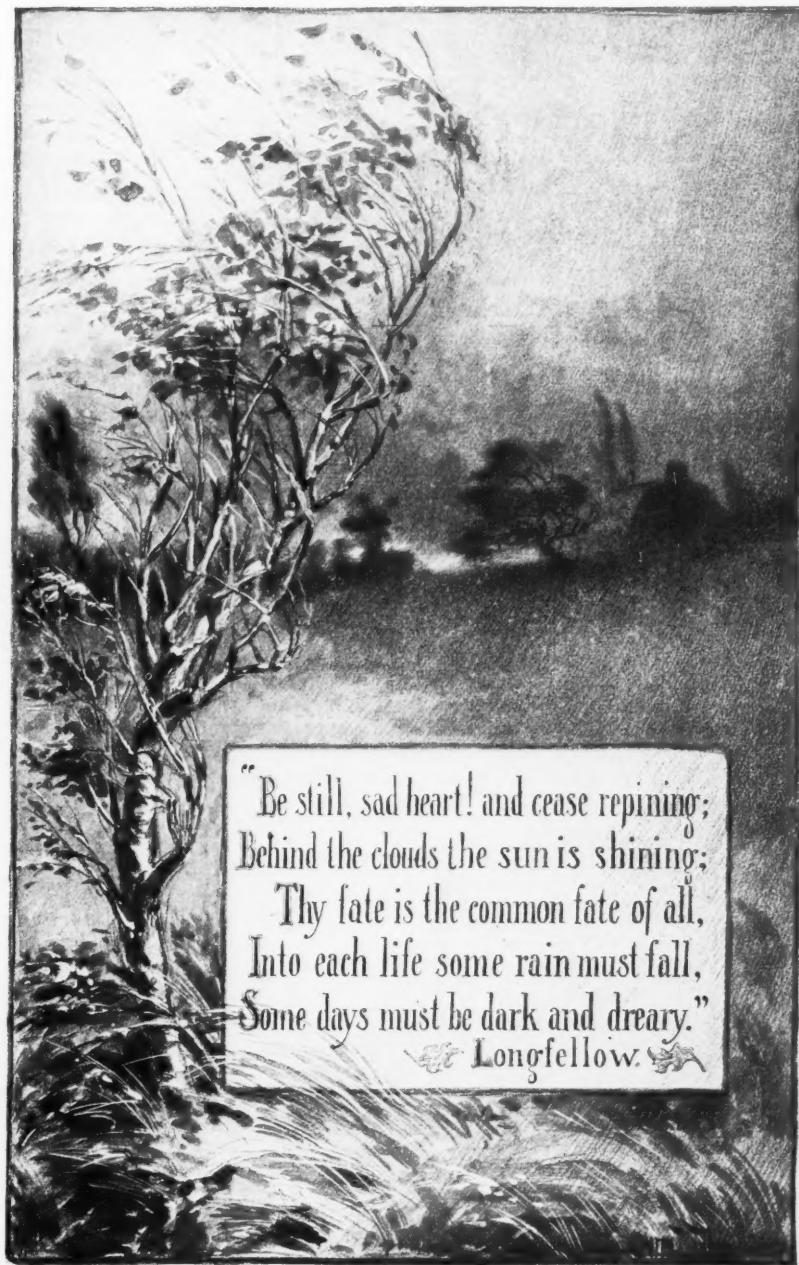
rehearsal four times a week. This they do in gymnasium dress. Their regular swallow costume consists of bodices of black feathers, with fronts of white chiffon, ruffled to give a fluffy and downy appearance resembling the breast of the bird. The arms are covered by long black suède gloves, and black-feathered arrangements protrude from their short blonde wigs. A huge black wing is hooked to each shoulder, and a swallow's tail spreads from the waist to the floor. Add to this a white fluffy muff and the costume is complete, save for the pink silk tights, which, with the heavy corset of wood and iron, form the foundation.

No wonder the audience sits up and rubs its eyes in wonder at the great spectacle unfolded before it; but no less wonder if, when it is all over, those who have worked so hard for the public's amusement should rub their eyes with weariness and hurry home, even if it is in a garret, for rest.





Drawn by George T. Tobin.



"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds the sun is shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Longfellow.



A REMARKABLE RESULT OF A HEAD-ON COLLISION.

THE WRECK-MASTER'S WORK.

BY W. C. HOLLISTER.

THAT railroads have wrecks is a matter of record. That they will continue so to do is as certain as it is that horses will run away or vehicles break down, despite the best efforts of able managers and careful employés or the improvements in modern roadways and equipment.

At the beginning our highways of rail-

road travel were constructed of light rails and ties. Small locomotives and cars were used. To-day the iron rail of sixty-seven pounds to the yard is being replaced with steel of eighty-five and even one hundred pounds, better ties are used and more of them, stronger bridges are built, and every other improvement is adopted that may add to safety and capacity. But at the same time where formerly the largest locomotive weighed scarcely ninety thousand pounds and freight cars were limited to a carrying capacity of forty thousand pounds, the car of to-day, loaded with fifty-five tons, is being handled by engines weighing ninety tons and more. Therefore, both road and equipment having grown alike, it is but reasonable to expect the same result.

The business of railroads



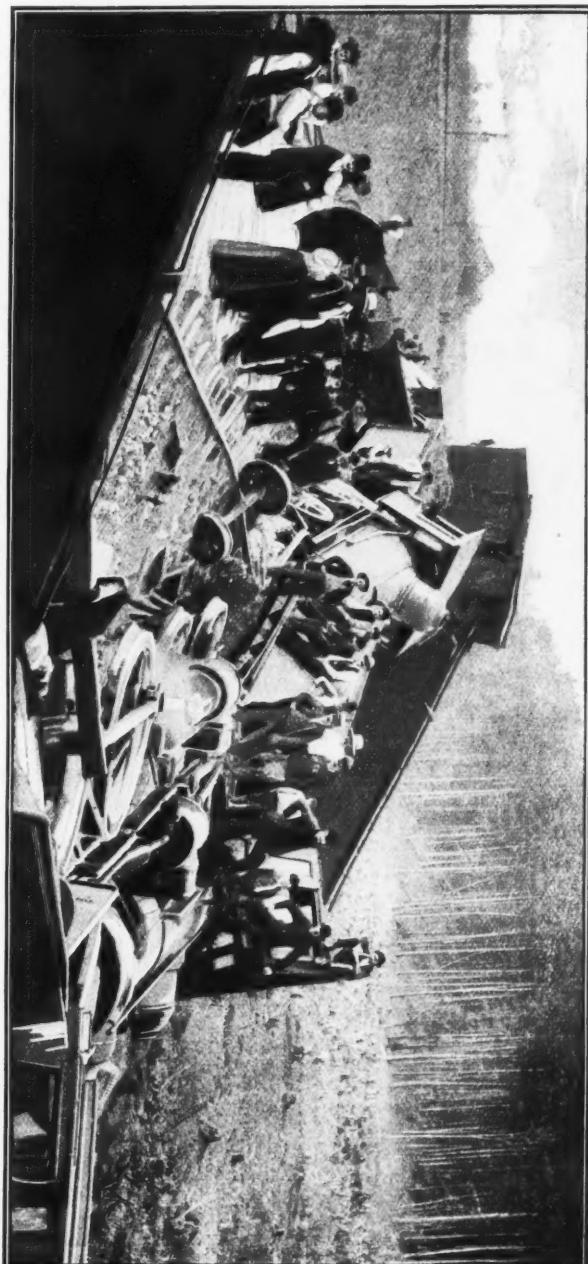
THE WORK OF A LOOSE RAIL.

increases from year to year. The demands are greater. The public requires faster time in passenger service and prompt handling of quick-dispatch freight. It is no longer so much a question of cheap rates as of good service, and the road which can answer this requirement is the one that gains the patronage.

Accidents have not increased, with all the hurry and bustle of this age on a busy railroad. Therefore the well-proven statement made a few years ago by General John W. Bishop, that the safest place in the world is aboard a railroad train, still holds good. Railroad managers nowadays are studying economy. Aside from other considerations, wrecks and disasters are undesirable because expensive; hence, they must be reduced to the minimum. But they cannot be entirely eliminated so long as we must depend upon human endurance and contend with neglect, hidden defects in material or the elements.

The passenger on a modern railway train, occupying a comfortable seat in a Pullman car,

THE EFFECT OF ANOTHER HEAD-ON COLLISION.





THE STEAM-CRANE AT WORK.

surrounded with almost every luxury, covering a mile in every fifty seconds, knows little of and gives less concern to the things that might happen somewhere on that road which is carrying him or her so safely. There are employés and minor officers who are at all times on the watch that no harm may come, with every energy alive, ready at all times to go to a scene of trouble, should trouble come. A railroad wreck is destructive to property, the cost of which is seldom considered where the question of opening the way to traffic is concerned. You may, if you please, select a division of an eastern trunk line—it need be but one hundred miles long. In every twenty-four hours of each day in the year two thousand freight cars must be hauled from one terminus to the other. At one end huge ships are waiting with open hatches ready to receive the commerce of the country. Great furnaces are dependent for life upon the tons of fuel rushing to them by rail. Great cities are looking toward the freight house for commodities of every class. Block the road for a few hours only and they are all—well, they wish they had shipped via some other line.

A wrecking outfit is a necessary part of the equipment of a

railroad, and it receives as much care and attention as any other important adjunct. The greater the road the better are its wrecking facilities. The men who handle them are drilled, schooled and supplied with every possible appliance for quick and effective work. On a special siding, at a convenient divisional point, stands a steam-crane car capable of lifting fifty tons in weight, the fire of its engine always ready to light, its chains, ropes and gears in constant, well-greased readiness. In another car of the train are stored jacks

of various capacities, from an ordinary affair that may lift a few hundred pounds to a hydraulic tool capable of raising thirty or forty tons, with blocking pulleys and equipment of every description that may be needed in any emergency. On a third car may be found trucks and wheels to carry any car that may be in need of them. Then there is the living car, equipped with sleeping berths in which the men may rest on their way home after the wreck is cleared, and containing a cook-stove and a well-supplied larder.

This train, as she stands there waiting for trouble, is in charge of a boss-wrecker, and if he is a good one he is not only in command of his gang when on active duty, but he dictates to the superintendent and the train-master. A mild-mannered and



ALMOST CLEAR AGAIN.



OLD IRON, KINDLING WOOD AND MERCHANDISE.

submissive man in times of peace, the boss-wrecker has his day and evens up all scores in time of action. His aides, fifteen or twenty men, are selected as to intelligence, physical endurance and ability, and are drawn from various departments of a railroad shop. That they may also be machinists, car-repairers, engineers, etc., when not engaged in this special line of duty as wreckers, they follow their various trades by day, but are subject to call and always ready. Their homes are assembled convenient to their starting point. From there wires ringing call-bells from the wreck-train headquarters summon them to duty at night. A telegraph-operator away out on the line tells the dispatcher that the conductor of perhaps an extra freight train has just arrived at his station on foot, with his train a mile away, wrecked, with ten steel cars, each loaded with sixty tons of coal, turned over on their sides on both tracks. Before the message telling of the wreck has been entirely received, the dispatcher has pressed the button, calling from his bed every man making up the relief crew. There is always an engine available at the point where the wreck-train is located and this is pressed into service, and almost as quickly as a fire company could

turn out of an engine-house the wrecking train is on its way to the scene of trouble, with orders to stop at this point to take on some section men to repair the tracks, at that point to pick up an operator that a telegraph-office may be temporarily opened. In the meantime, at the office of the train-dispatcher all the pre-arrangements are under way, the chief has been consulted, the superintendent and the train-master have been advised of the situation, orders have been given to the roundhouse foreman to hold back such engines as may be ready then for freight-train service; trains already on the road are run ahead as far as possible or put in on available sidings and their engines returned to the division terminus for other trains, that the least possible amount of time may be lost; passenger or important freight-trains are detoured via some other route where possible, or where this can not be done transfers of passengers are made on foot around the wreck; new trains are made up in the terminals and dispatched out on the road to take up as far as possible the schedule of any passenger train that may be behind time by reason of the blockade; in short, every conceivable thing is done to prevent delay.

THE WRECK-MASTER'S WORK.

Among railroad men the world over there is a superstition that wrecks come by threes, that, if one occurs, two more will closely follow. It is a fact that this situation has been sufficiently illustrated to warrant the feeling. Out of one hundred and ten instances in one year of casualties upon various railroads, seventy of them were placed in the order of threes, while upon twenty-one occasions three occurred each day upon one division during the same period.

The relief train that only a short time ago started out upon its mission has now arrived at its destination. Men with flaming torches in hand quickly examine the work to be done. Ten cars, each weighing twenty tons when empty, have been thrown

must be completed within the shortest possible time and undertake their duty with a will.

The crane is run close up to the first derailed car; its steam is up; rigging is made ready for the first great lift. The tool-car supplies the other equipment: a block and fall is made fast to a convenient tree, ropes strong enough to stand the required strain are run out; great chains are thrown over and attached to the car first to be disposed of. It is to be cleared of the tracks because it would take too long to place it back upon the rails. All is ready to make the first pull, the engine moves back gradually, taking up the slack, and finally the rope becomes taut, and slowly the iron monster



AN AWFUL PASSENGER-TRAIN WRECK.

into a mass of ruin, their iron bodies twisted, their trucks torn off and demolished, some upside down, some on end, others on their sides. They have fallen both ways and a great double-track railroad is completely blocked. Five hundred and fifty tons of coal stand in the way of progress, all to be handled one shovelful at a time. The steel rails of the track are broken and bent, the ties are destroyed; great furrows are plowed in the right of way.

But no time is lost in planning for the work before them. One glance at it all and the wreck-master begins. His voice, pitched high in command, reaches all the men. They understand that their work

moves up, groaning and creaking as it turns over and falls well clear and out of the way, where it will remain until some convenient time. A shout goes up at so much accomplished. New rails are laid down where the débris is cleared away. The next car is lifted by the crane and placed alongside its unfortunate mate.

All this time busy men are at every point of advantage. A clear track has been promised at a given hour. The reputation of the wreck-master is at stake, and every man is striving to make the promise good.

Men skilled in track-work now follow up every foot of cleared space, and finally, after hours of hard work, the road is once



A DIFFICULT WRECK TO CLEAR AWAY.

more open for the movement of its traffic.

While this work has been in progress, experts have been seeking for the cause of the derailment.

The events leading up to such disasters are many. Sometimes train-dispatchers, upon whom so much depends, make mistakes and collisions follow. Results from such causes are generally attended with greater disaster, but are less frequent. Men selected for such positions are thoroughly trained before they are allowed to assume responsibility. Their mistakes when made, however, are generally discovered in time. Of these the public, of course, never hears. No man is infallible, although train-dispatchers are very nearly so. Frequently they are able to discover the liability of disaster and to prevent it. Of this, too, the public never hears.

At times the warning in-

tended for them or their own warning to trains and block-stations comes too late. The dispatcher the victim of such a misfortune can but order out the relief train, which, in remote cases, he has been known to start on its way before an inevitable accident happened. The suspense of moments spent under such conditions can scarcely be described. Such a story is told of two trains that were once flying in opposite



A VERY BAD PLACE FOR A WRECK.

directions upon one track, each man at the throttle carrying an order giving him the right of track, unconscious of danger, straining every point to make his time, while the dispatcher, sitting at his desk miles away, who had discovered too late and then realized the inevitable, could but wait for news that might relieve or add to his already tortured mind. On that train were his companions—engineers and trainmen who had followed his directions with confidence and safety for years. During such awful suspense the time seems never-ending; but however terrible the result, it could have been to him no worse than the waking dream upon him in those moments when he and his fellow-dispatchers, powerless to prevent the approaching accident

is done. Sometimes such scenes are picturesque, although with but little if any romance, especially in the winter, when every chain, every bar and every other piece of iron is a piece of ice, when the snow and hail beat into the men's faces to mingle their damps with that of perspiration and the only cheerful things anywhere within miles are the fires made of pieces of cars, perhaps taken from the wreck, and the smoke from the cook-stove in the living car that tells its tale of hot coffee.

Spectacle-loving human nature once had an excellent chance so to assemble—although not with the stage adjuncts that winter gives—when in the heart of a large city an engine, passing on to a stone-arch bridge ninety feet from the bed of a stream,

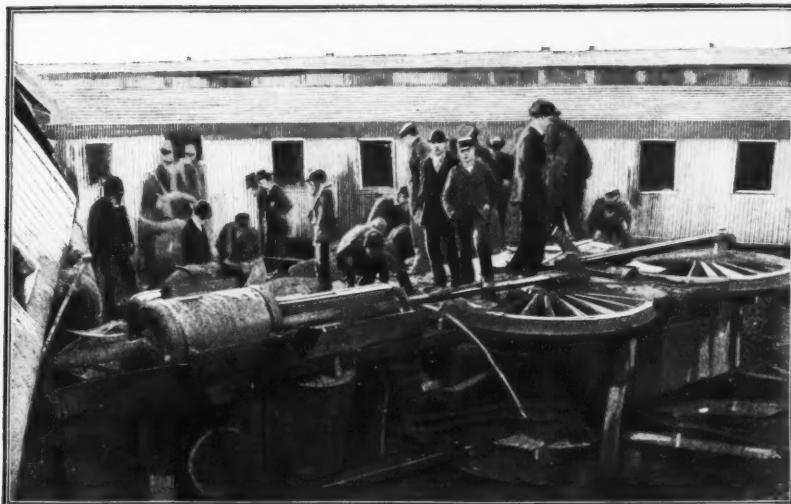


A BADLY WRECKED FREIGHT TRAIN.

and seeking then only to do the next best thing, were obliged to start out upon the line, before the accident happened, relief trains containing the surgeons that would be needed at the isolated spot between telegraph-stations which the two trains had already passed, like arrows shot from a bow, impossible to recall, to meet face to face during the next ten or twelve minutes in a head-on collision.

There is a fascination about a railroad wreck, to the men engaged in the business as well as to onlookers. No matter at what hour of the night or how isolated the locality, spectators are always present. In-clement weather or personal discomfort does not prevent their attendance until the work

became derailed. The bridge was built fifty years ago, a monument to the maker. Its double track in all this time had never known misfortune. Upon this fateful day the locomotive of the largest known type of engines, in derailing, ran off the bridge, and its three hundred thousand pounds of iron and steel were buried in the mud below, without damage to the track or to the bridge. There was no need for haste in bringing the monster back to life. The task seemed almost impossible. Yet in forty-eight hours the work was accomplished. Here the crane-car was useless. A foundation was built under the engine, and upon this, by the aid of powerful hydraulic jacks, it was placed in an upright

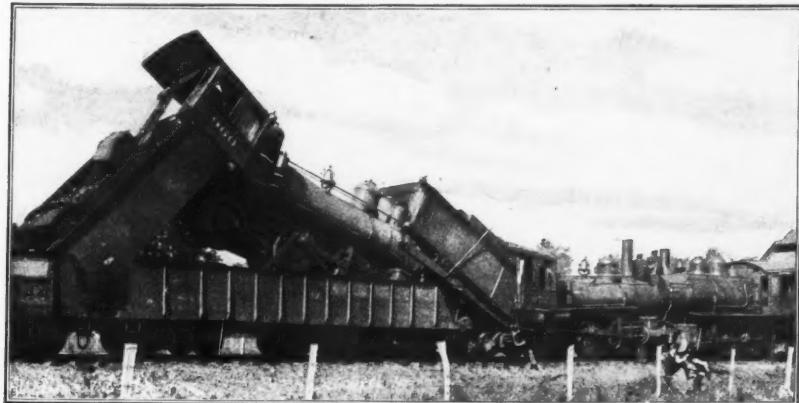


OUT OF SERVICE FOR GOOD.

position and resting upon railroad iron tracks. And still ninety feet down below the right of way, walled in on two sides by high banks of earth, nearly a mile of track was built via the easiest possible grade, which was not less than ten per cent., or more than five hundred feet to a mile. Especial pulleys, rope-chains and blocks had been constructed. Three powerful locomotives took hold of one end of the rope and pulled. Inch by inch the buried monster moved up the greatest grade it ever knew or ever will know again, until it finally stood once more upon its proper

level, presenting an appearance of utter dilapidation, covered with mud, its cabin wrecked, its machinery stripped. The bell that sounded in her last notes the deaf-knell of the unfortunate engineer and fireman was never found.

The part of a railroad wreck most to be deplored is the loss of human life. Outside of that merely comes the expenditure of money and the slight detention of travel. But men become injured and lose their lives in all trades and professions. Railroad life is no more hazardous than any other. Train service exerts a certain



AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT AT LEAP-FROG.



A SHATTERED PASSENGER TRAIN.

fascination that is hard to overcome after one has once engaged in it.

As in all other branches of railroad work, preparedness and quick action play a very important part in the handling of the "riggers," as wreck-train crews are called. With these essentials five minutes are sometimes gained in one place that may mean thirty in the end—and a thirty-minute addition to a tie-up when it could have been avoided is one of the things railroad officials do not like to explain to their superiors and through them to the public. Wreck-trains are handled on no schedule except that of "get there." In the wreck-train the "riggers" are on their way to relieve, perhaps with physicians aboard; there may be a passenger or a train-man dying for want of surgical attention. In that might be involved the loss of a human life and, later on, a heavy damage suit.

Probably the greatest wreck-saver of all the modern appliances is the automatic air-brake, now in use on all steam roads, so constructed and applied that should a train break in two by a coupling giving way the brake is instantly applied and almost as quickly the entire train comes to a standstill, with perhaps no greater damage than a few broken bumpers.

The country is at times startled by the news in the daily papers of the wreck of this or that passenger train, and sometimes there is added to the tale a long list of

dead and injured. Of such accidents one gathers but little from the bald facts of newspaper paragraphs. The work of the railroad man under conditions like this, clearing away such wrecks and helping the surgeons and nurses to do their part, is of no ordinary kind. Passenger-train wrecking is a class of work that calls for the highest ability. Many men have finally won their coveted promotions or have definitely proven their incapacity upon such occasions. It is very hard to think clearly and quickly, to recognize just what to do and how to do it, when one is fighting with death, when in one's ears ring the cries and groans of the wounded, when one is blinded by smoke and escaping steam, when orders are drowned by the crackle and roar of burning cars. A passenger-train wreck has a horror peculiarly its own, sometimes triplicated in sight, sound and smell.

But men who have charge of engines and trains are a careful class. They are selected with regard to that. Their greatest danger lies in becoming so familiar with their business that they disregard little precautions. This, rather than utter carelessness or positive disobedience of orders, often causes slight and sometimes serious trouble. If the day comes when it can be said that man is infallible and material is perfect, wrecks on railroads will cease; but not until then.

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF THE LONDON STAGE.

BY H. G. RHODES.

THE commercial invasion of England by America is now a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific; the artistic invasion receives very little attention from us. Yet the latter should, perhaps, please our vanity as much as the former, even though it may not do quite so much toward filling our pockets. The invasion of the London stage by American actresses and actors is the part of our attempt at foreign conquest along artistic lines which is most apparent to the British public. Yet London views its visitors so far only with pleasure and with no envy. There has been no serious disturbance of the theatrical labor market. Occasionally one hears an English actress laughingly protest that she can get no engagement because she hasn't a New York reputation. But the Americans, although on the whole notably prominent, are still only a small part of the whole body of players, and the annual emigration of English actors and actresses to the United States to join permanently the ranks of American players more than balances the account. What is happening is that London and New York are becoming less and less two separate towns, and more and more places where the lover of the drama, be he English or American, can see all his favorites, whether he happens to lodge near Piccadilly or near Broadway.

Yet it will take more than this mere interchange to account for the attitude of Americans toward English theatrical life. There are a certain number of Americans who began their career upon the London stage, and a greater number who, having once tasted the pleasures of English theatrical life, are unwilling to abandon it and return to their native land.

An actor's life in England is less nomadic than that of his American brother. For the man or woman in the higher ranks of the profession London is England, the provinces are comparatively unimportant. They have their theaters, of course, and a great number of provincial actors who are

MISS EDNA MAY—A LONDON FAVORITE.

always hoping and longing for a London engagement. But once you have become a London actor, your visits to the provinces are rare and brief. You act in a piece through its run in the metropolis, then you go to another London theater and appear in a fresh piece. You do not, as in America, go on tour with the piece. That is usually relegated to a secondary company. Engagements in London are for "the run of the piece," not for a season of forty weeks, as in America. This makes the life, perhaps, more precarious than in America, but it also makes it more varied, and it allows the actor to have a home in London. American players can have summer, holiday homes; that is all. But the London actor can have a place of his own the year round, his own belongings, a place to bring up his children, and all the comforts that come from having one's own kitchen and one's own fireside.

Furthermore he gets more practice in his art, because he has more different parts to play. The play is rare that runs a whole





MISS MARION DRAUGHN.

year in London; so during the time an American would be occupied with one rôle a London actor plays many parts. Unquestionably this means more work and that great tedium of rehearsals which, although the public does not always realize it, is sometimes the greatest part of an actor's toil. But as more work means more opportunity, this but adds to the attraction of the London stage for the American.

One has only to begin the roll-call of American invaders to know the pleasant side of the London player's life. If one wishes to see Mrs. Brown-Potter during the summer, one must go up the Thames to the delightful little village of Bray—the home of the vicar of the celebrated song—and there one will find the beautiful American in a long, low rambling house lying close by the river's side, its rose-covered lawn sloping down to the very water's edge. Nothing more delightfully rural could be imagined, yet it is only half an hour by train from London, and Mrs. Potter when she is playing can come down every night after the theater to sleep in country peace and freshness. In winter she has a charming little house in town. In both she gathers about her the most interesting people of London, for Mrs. Potter has an exceptional position in the London world, both in fashionable and artistic society. No bazaar for a smart

charity is organized without her helping hand, and no artistic gathering is complete unless she is present. Mrs. Potter may be said to be settled in England for good now. Indeed, if one stops to remember, she made her theatrical début there in 1887, at the Haymarket. Since then she has played all over the world; everywhere, in fact, that the English language is spoken. Her last great success was as Miladi in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's splendid production of "The Musketeers."

Mrs. Potter is renowned for her esprit, and the brilliance of her entertainments is not matched by those of any other actress. But her success may, without any disparagement of her talent, be said to be due also to her beauty, to the exquisitely delicate curves of her face, and to her wonderful red hair. Indeed, it is pleasant to think that most of the American actresses in London uphold easily the national reputation for good looks. England has always admired the appearance of American women. This especial advantage may explain why our actresses have gone to London in greater number than our actors.

Miss Maud Jeffries certainly has been helped rather than hindered by her beauty. No one who saw her as Mariamne in Mr.



MISS JULIE OPP.

Stephen Phillips' poetic tragedy "Herod" can ever forget that tall, slender figure which stood on the flight of golden steps leading to the palace. Had she been the merest amateur she would have been a succès de beauté. But Miss Jeffries is an admirable actress, both by instinct and by training—one cannot play the round of leading rôles for Mr. Wilson Barrett for years without gaining an efficient command of the technique of one's art. Miss Jeffries deserted America nearly eight years ago, when Mr. Barrett, on seeing her play, offered her the position of leading lady. Since then she has visited America in this capacity, and has even wandered as far afield as Australia. But her work has, on the whole, been in England, and up to a little more than a year ago always with Mr. Barrett. Then she appeared with Mr. Tree at Her Majesty's Theater, and to him she went again last autumn.

Miss Jeffries, the actress, may desert America, but Miss Jeffries, the daughter of Tennessee, does not. She always goes back in the summer, and in her old home near Memphis she may be found every year, delighting in familiar surroundings and gaining strength for the next year's work.

If you were to ask Miss Jeffries what had been the greatest help to her on the English stage, she would tell you it was the fact that she was "born and raised" in Tennessee. This means that she had naturally less of an "American accent," and perhaps the hardest thing for an American girl who means to make a career for herself on the English stage is to learn to speak English English. "Britishers" have come to admire many things American, but we have never brought them to like our way of pronouncing the language. An American star, heading an American company and in London only temporarily, will receive from the public kindly toleration for her "accent." But the girl who casts her fortunes with the regular London theaters, and who expects to appear constantly with English companies, must learn to assume their manner of speech. Off the stage she may talk as she likes, but on the stage she has no choice. The task is a little irritating to one's native pride, and more than that, it is difficult. But the American achieves it, and our invaders in



MISS ELLA SNYDER.

London produce, at least when behind the footlights, a perfect imitation of the original article.

Miss Fay Davis, for example, would never be known as an American. Her stage career has been entirely in England. She was a public reader and reciter in the United States, but she decided to go upon the stage in 1895, during a visit in England. She was a success at once, and received an offer from Mr. George Alexander's company at the St. James's Theater. A success in '95, she was an enormous success in '97, as Fay Zuliani in Mr. Pinero's "The Princess and the Butterfly." Since that time Miss Davis has been leading lady at the St. James's, having left it only last spring. Then Mr. Pinero chose her for his autumn comedy, and so wonderfully does



MISS SARA MISKEL.

he adapt part to actress and train actress for part that such a choice always means that the fortunate woman chosen is advanced several rungs higher on the ladder of fame. Mr. Pinero is in London the greatest maker of reputations. After the Pinero play it is said that Miss Davis is to go to the Lyceum to play with Sir Henry Irving the leading female rôles in plays in which Miss Terry does not appear.

The condition of affairs at the St. James's Theater, it must be admitted, has sometimes aroused the jealousy of English actresses. For not only was Miss Davis there, but Miss Julie Opp as well. Miss Opp is now on her second professional tour in America, but she comes to all intents and purposes as an English actress, whose career, dating from about the time of Miss Davis's first appearance, has been wholly at the St. James's. The story of Miss Opp's early career, however, makes good "copy," as she herself would have said at that period, and is proof in itself of her nationality. She was born in New York, and at the proper time, after the fashion of American girls, decided that she wanted to "do something." This something was at first writing for the newspapers in New York. Then came a wish to go abroad, and to go on one's own earn-

ings. But it is always a problem to get a lump sum ahead. The solution was found by writing, with a friend, a sensational novelette. Those who meet in Miss Opp now a woman whose literary tastes are so far away from blood-and-thunder melodrama would be amused to disinter from the files of "The Fireside Companion" the story of "Effie, The Engineer's Daughter"—the title was very like that; it is near enough for a literary investigator with a keen scent. On the proceeds of this "penny dreadful" Miss Opp ventured to London, and again did newspaper "specials." Then she decided to try her fate on the stage, and presented herself, an utter novice, before Mr. Alexander and asked for an engagement. She got it. And the manager's judgment was justified. Within two years Miss Opp returned to America to play, under Mr. Daniel Frohman's direction, leading rôles in "The Tree of Knowledge" and "The Princess and the Butterfly." And since then she has been an efficient member of the St. James's company.



MISS MAUD JEFFRIES.



Miss Suzanne Sheldon is another American actress whose career has been wholly on the London stage. She comes of a Vermont family resident in New York, and Yale athletes of the last ten years have known the name well through the successes of her brothers. Miss Sheldon was an eager student of music, and when a very young girl went to Germany to study. She was to make her débüt as Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser," but at the very moment of the performance her voice broke, left her, and never came back. After a while Miss Sheldon took herself and her belongings to London and secured a position in the Lyceum company. Here she gained her

training under Irving, and leaving there two years ago she has since appeared in various London theaters, once supporting another American, Mr. Robert Taber, in Mr. Laurence Irving's "Bonnie Dundee."

Miss Helen Macbath—in private life, Mrs. Frank Mills—has been well known to Londoners for the past few years as one of the most attractive of actresses in light farcical comedy, and her husband has earned for himself a solid position as a serious actor with Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Miss Gertrude Elliott, when she became Mrs. Forbes Robertson by marriage with one of the ablest and most popular of English



MRS. BROWN-POTTER.



MISS MADGE LESSING.

actors, allied herself permanently with the English stage, and exchanged the simple ingénue rôles which she used to play with Mr. Goodwin and her sister Miss Maxine Elliott for more ambitious Shakespearian parts. She first appeared in England in Mr. Clyde Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady," and English critics saw at once that for fresh and simple girlishness both of appearance and manner there was almost no one in London to be compared with her. So she was induced to stay behind when her sister left for America, and to create the rôle of the Princess in "A Royal Family." And that sort of character soon became known in theatrical circles as "a Gertrude Elliott part." Miss Elliott had, in short, assumed a position of her own.

Mr. Nat Goodwin and his wife Miss Maxine Elliott are in London for a year. They may fairly be called "invaders." Nothing can be told the American public about them that it does not know already. The published photographs of Jackwood, their English home on Shooters' Hill in the outskirts of London, do not do justice to the picturesqueness and comfort of the place

nor to the amazing way in which, though only a half-hour from Charing Cross, it manages to seem in a remote rural region.

Miss Edna May might almost be called an English actress now. No success in America can ever quite equal her triumph in London as "The Belle of New York." And she finds life in London pleasanter than touring in America was, and a house in St. John's Woods nicer than even the best of our American hotels. Miss May's accent has become British and her clothes have a London look. But for all that she would class herself among the invaders. So would her sister, Miss Jane May.

Miss Ella Snyder has now returned to America, but from the moment of the success of "The Belle of New York" she was a London favorite.

Miss Madge Lessing, whose "Rosey Posey" song, imported



MISS FAY DAVIS.



into the Drury Lane Christmas pantomime, still keeps London whistling, seems in danger of yielding to the fatal fascination of London. Her dainty beauty proved most attractive, and she need never come back to America for lack of offers there.

Miss Beverley Sitgreaves will be remembered in America, perhaps, especially in connection with the Vokes Company, but she is now better known in London. Mrs. Langtry induced her to go to England, and there she has stayed, acting successfully in many a London production, making for herself a distinct place in South

Africa, where she has made several successful tours, and last of all playing in the English theater which was started in Paris last spring to give English plays to which a *jeune fille* might be taken with propriety and pleasure and at which she might also learn the language. Miss Sitgreaves is also rather celebrated for imitations of Madame Bernhardt, photographic in accuracy.

Mention of the great French actress leads one to speak of her most intimate friend in London, a young American actress, Miss Ray Rockman. Miss Rockman is one of the young women



MISS EDNA MAY.

who started under Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum.

In London musical pieces there are usually many pretty Americans in the chorus, and often in more important rôles. A revival of an old American piece "The Whirl of the Town" has stolen from the Gaiety two American girls, Miss Sara Miskel, whose sister was the well-remembered and beautiful Caroline Miskel-Hoyt, and Miss Marion Draughn.

But the Gaiety has captured in turn Miss Eva Kelly, who is now playing in "The Toreador." And as pieces at the Gaiety usually reckon their runs by years, one may accuse her of being an expatriate.

Mr. Robert Taber is apparently lost to America. He first came before the London public when he played with Sir Henry Irving as Alexis in Mr. Laurence Irving's "Peter the Great" and as Macduff in the memory of "Secret Service" is still "Macbeth." Almost at once Mr. Taber established a position for himself in London. He played with Mr. Tree, and won golden opinions from the critics. He played the leading male part in Mrs. Langtry's Marie Antoinette play. And he had a season of his own, when he produced

magnificently Mr. Laurence Irving's "Bonnie Dundee." Mr. Taber is recognized as one of the most finished and scholarly actors in London.

Mr. Paul Arthur is so well-known in London as a jeune premier that most people have forgotten that he is an American.

And doubtless few people realize Mr. Holbrook Blinn's nationality. They are both settled as fixtures in London.

The American invasion began long ago. It holds for the London lover of the stage some glorious memories: the names of Mary Anderson and Ada Rehan alone suffice to recall to him what America has given him. Lotta, though she did not make a popular success, is still a vivid memory to the critical and theatrical world. Barrymore is remembered, and Richard Mansfield. And while

"Sherlock Holmes" out in London.

The American invasion is a good thing. It helps our national reputation and it gives our actors valuable training. But we must have them all back again some time.



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MAXINE ELLIOTT.

HORIZONS.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

WHO harbors Hatred, sees a small
And closing cincture hold him thrall.

Who glooming Envy entertains,
Has narrowing sky-lines for his pains.

Who makes perpetual friend of Doubt,
Marks dwarfing vistas round about.

But he whose bosom Love hath found,
Is by no cramped horizons bound.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

THE industrial changes which have of late been occurring with such rapidity have the widest possible interest for all classes, from the standpoint of the producer and from that of the consumer. It has, therefore, been determined to present in *THE COSMOPOLITAN* brief sketches of all the leading Captains of Industry now before the public in connection with the larger interests of production, transportation and finance.

A knowledge of these men, their derivation, their leading characteristics, weaknesses and abilities, will throw much light upon the news of the day in which their names constantly recur. The list of the most prominent includes more than forty names. This number may possibly be increased to sixty or seventy. In all cases it will be the effort of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* to secure capable treatment by writers having special knowledge, comprehension of the scope of their subject's affairs, and a grasp of the characteristics which have counted for their upbuilding. From twenty to thirty pages of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* will be devoted each month to this work until the task shall be completed. We believe it will be found that no more interesting series has ever been presented in the pages of this magazine.

JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN.

BY CHARLES S. GLEED.

IT is impossible to write anything really new (if true) about Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. He has held the center of the financial stage so long that everything there is to say about him has already been said. But there always remain different ways of saying old things, and perhaps I can present a pen-picture of the great financier which will convey to many who read it some new notion of the man.

The most powerful private citizen in the world to-day, so far as financial affairs are concerned, is undoubtedly Mr. Morgan. There are richer men. There are men who can come nearer commanding great governments. There are men in possession of opportunities and facilities as great as his. But no man outside of government circles has so much power to-day in the business world as he. How is this fact to be explained?

Mr. Morgan was born to the purple.

He did not split rails or walk the tow-path or survey the forests primeval. He did not begin as the Astor, Vanderbilt or Gould founders began. He put down his school-books and stepped into the great banking business built up by his father and his father's associates. He could have stepped in there as a hanger-on, a dainty putter or a mere profit-sharer. He could have been a rich loafer with no ambition but to eat all possible meals, drink all possible drinks and fool with all possible follies. He appears to have preferred to be just as good a man as if he had begun without a dollar. This feat is often performed in America, and no man ever performed it more successfully than he. He could have been a pygmy, but he chose to be a giant. Of course he could not be a giant merely by choosing to be. The capacity for gianthood had to be there. It was there, and, making the right choice,

he became a giant. He can come nearer unsettling the great markets of the world to-day than any other unofficial person. He is as little likely to unsettle them as any man in the world. One reason why he has this power to unsettle is the certainty that he will not use it—the certainty that he does not believe in using it. He is constructive, not destructive. He believes in building up, not in tearing down. He has never been a wrecker. His forte is bringing peace out of war, order out of chaos. His

greatest achievements have all been distinctly of this character. What is now the Southern Railway was, a few years ago, an incoherent flock of half-run railroads, yielding chiefly ruin to their owners and discomfort and dissatisfaction to their patrons. Hundreds of other instances could be named where a like transformation has been

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worked.

Every year that he continues to be what he now is will see, as the result of his work, rejuvenated business enterprises and revised and reformed business methods, for which all the business world will be better.

The characteristics which seem to enable Mr. Morgan to do what he does are somewhat difficult to describe. If they could be easily discovered and exploited they would be adopted by the thousands who are eager and anxious to subdivide his suc-

cess. Superficially observed, he is as arbitrary and tyrannical as an ugly king. He seems to close his jaws with a snap like a steel trap, regardless of all persons, things and principles. But this seems so only to the uninformed. In point of fact he is exquisitely square with his associates, clients and followers. This gives him an army of financial supporters, who would soon enough scatter if they found themselves losers to his greed or dishonesty. In this way he demonstrates the proposition that honesty is the best policy. He is a natural (and well trained) captain of captains. He selects the ablest and cleverest of associates. He does not seem to take much stock in "wicked partners"; at least he has never been discovered with any of them on his person. His immediate associates are almost invariably men of high character and pleasing personality. Mr. Morgan has great

physical power. Steam is always up and on. He pays little attention to the ordinary defenses which busy men put around them for their own protection. He has time to see anybody who has anything to say worth hearing. He never does anything but listen, think and decide. Like a swift, strong judge he disposes of the motions and arguments of those about him. When he says "no" he says it quietly enough, but somehow the impression is left that he has



JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN.

said it with iron lungs and a megaphone. In dealing with those who make up his syndicates and clientages he carves out his financial pie as an old-fashioned inn-keeper used to stand at the head of the table and carve what Bill Nye called the "common pie of commerce." He seems to say to the hundreds of financial friends about him: "I have adjudicated this matter. I know and have decided what is fair. I have done you good before. I shall do you good some more. You must take what I give you and give thanks. If you think you are not getting enough, remember that is what the other fellow thought last time. There are other pies to be cut. Good day." His style is thus like that of the usual God of theology. And so he has power and has done wonderful things in the world of the big round dollar, and if he lives will do more wonderful things than he has ever yet done. Mr. Morgan keeps his business sufficiently at arm's length to be able to leave it and forget it. He is a good rester. He has not become so disordered as to be incapable of repose. He likes the sea and

he likes foreign travel and he likes pictures and music. He likes jolly friends and good talk. He has not striven for the reputation of being a philanthropist, but there is good ground for the suspicion that his charities in the past decade have not fallen below five millions of dollars. That is a pretty fair pace for an amateur giver. He will probably do better later.

The question is often asked, What would happen in the markets if Mr. Morgan were to die suddenly? In my opinion very little would happen, unless his death occurred at a time when general conditions were so bad as to need only a slight excuse to precipitate trouble. So far as Mr. Morgan is concerned, I am of the opinion that he has so arranged affairs that his death would launch nothing on the market and cause no great market support to be withdrawn. He will not want his death to precipitate that which he has striven all his life to prevent. It will not be like him to arrange to have his goodly statue in the market place pulled down and beaten to dust the moment he can no longer send an order to the exchange.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

BY CHARLES W. PRICE.

EDISON is fifty-five years of age. Seven hundred and sixty-five United States patents have been issued to him. Many of these patents have been for inventions of fundamental character and have influenced and advanced industrial methods.

Edison's initial invention, in 1869, was a machine to record votes in congress. It was not adopted. It taught the inventor one lesson: to invent and develop only useful things. The stock-ticker, in extensive use to-day, was one of the first of these.

Edison, known first as an expert telegraph operator, famous for skill in sending and receiving messages and for the excellence of his "copy," at an early day brought out the quadruplex telegraph, his first invention of prime importance. It increased the message-carrying capacity of each telegraph wire fourfold, and from the day of its introduction has been in constant use in every civilized country in the world. It

brought to the public a marked reduction in telegraph tolls and to the operating companies a vast increase in patronage.

The carbon telephone was invented by Edison after a series of experiments. This proved to be of great value in the development of the telephone interests of the day. It materially assisted in making possible telephone exchange service which is now one of the most solidly established business enterprises of the world, with hundreds of millions of dollars invested in it.

The electric lighting central-stations of the country using incandescent lamps are the greatest monument to Edison's genius and energy. Nearly all of them, particularly in the large cities, are named for the man who built the first one. His work in this field was original, far-seeing and showed constructive ability of the highest order. The Edison electric illuminating companies supply light and power as desired every moment of the night and day throughout

the United States and constitute one of the safest and most attractive fields of investment. The seed that bore this valuable fruit was planted in Pearl Street, New York city, in the year 1880, at which time the construction of the first electric light station was begun. It was designed and built by Edison in person, assisted by a staff of loyal, confident associates. For two years he had been continuously experimenting at Menlo Park, the central-station idea having, in his own words, "struck him all of a sudden in 1878." His work covered, among a multitude of details, the invention and development of the incandescent lamp, lamp-socket, fuse-wire, the comprehensive three-wire system of distribution, dynamos and other apparatus, all forming essential parts of a complete system that has remained the admiration of the world, but which at that time existed only in the fertile brain of the inventor. The success of this venture upon untrdden electrical paths depended on the delicate incandescent lamp. It was the first requirement. Edison made it a commercial, marketable product. The demand for it now is enormous. The largest incandescent-lamp factory in the world bears his name and turns out over fifty-five thousand of them every working day of the year. Fifteen hundred employees are engaged in this establishment. The fuse-wire, a small but vital link in the chain comprising a complete system of electric lighting, is in universal use. It is the purposely weak point, convenient of access, which guards and protects the entire plant, one of the many minor inventions the necessity for which was foreseen by the alert intelligence of the master-workman. The successful operation of the Pearl Street station began in 1882, and its example soon spread to all parts of the world and central-station incandescent electric lighting became an institution for all time.

In those pioneer days, Edison devoted a great deal of time and invention to the electric railway, and with prophetic vision outlined its vast future. Probably one of his keenest regrets is that ill-advised friends persuaded him to suspend this work in favor of what they deemed, at the time, to be of greater importance.

The greatest manufactory of electrical

apparatus in the world was first established by the Edison Company of Schenectady, N. Y., and has become, with other important electrical interests consolidated and centered there, an industry employing eight thousand persons and having an annual output to the value of over thirty millions of dollars.

The phonograph, the beautiful device for recording and reproducing spoken words and sounds which Edison invented in early years and subsequently developed, is now manufactured on a large scale under his direct supervision. Its greatest field of usefulness is apparently that of entertainment and amusement. It is known and appreciated everywhere.

In the magnetic separation of ores, Edison assumed a tremendous burden, for even after perfecting his concentrator he had to design a great number of machines, ore-crushers, pulverizers, conveyors, briquet presses, etc., in order to make the original scheme operative. The task cost him years of study and two millions of dollars; but the stubborn Scotch blood told, and he stuck to it and now sees commercial success at hand. English capitalists have purchased from Edison the right to operate this ore-separating system in Norway, and a plant with a daily output of two thousand five hundred tons is now in course of construction.

Edison's experiments have extended into many fields outside the purely electrical. How many times he has pursued the will-o'-the wisp of a deluding prospect to a stern recognition of an unfruitful end, probably he alone can tell. A devoted student of chemical science, he has delighted in delving in this fascinating and noble domain.

It is related that a distinguished scientist, visiting Edison within the year, spoke of some experiments he had made in a direction that he supposed was unknown and untried.

"Did you try this?" inquired Edison, "and did you get such a result?"

The visitor was astonished. Edison had made the experiments and, with a sure hand, had gone direct to the heart of the matter and had reached the same unique result.

He would say to all visiting inventors

seeking advice and encouragement: "I will listen to you, but one thing is barred —no 'perpetual motion' schemes will ever be considered."

Edison has probably been more fortunate in combining his versatile inventive ability with commercial success than any inventor living or dead. Not content with one achievement and its riches, vast sums received from success in one line would be expended in research and experiment in other lines.

His private laboratory at Orange, N. J., is lavishly planned and stocked with every known tool, with chemical, mineral, metallic and organic substances, and the pay-roll of the past ten years would amount to a king's ransom. With natural bent, genius, unflagging industry, wonderful discernment and deliberate selection of subject, Edison may truly be said to be the greatest exponent of invention, as an art, the world has yet known.

To-day the world is waiting for the practical introduction of what may prove to be Edison's greatest commercial success: the storage battery.

Edison was recently asked to name his principal inventions. He replied, characteristically:

"The first and foremost: the idea of the electric lighting station; then—let me

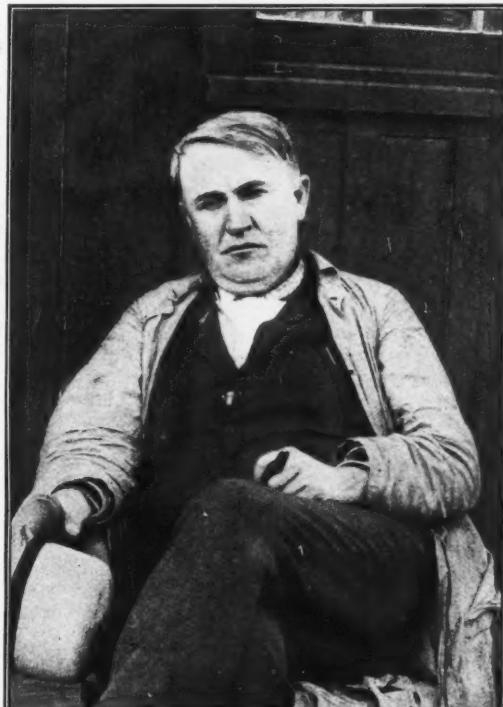
see, what have I invented?—well, there was the mimeograph, and the electric pen, and the carbon telephone, and the incandescent lamp and its accessories, and the quadruplex telegraph, and the automatic telegraph, and the phonograph, and the kinetoscope and—I don't know, a whole lot of other things."

When asked if he thought the achievements of the twentieth century would surpass those of the one just closed, he said, with much enthusiasm:

"They certainly will. In the first place, there are more of us to work, and in the second place, we know more. The achievement of the past is merely a point of departure, and you know that, in our art, 'impossible' is an impossible word."

Edison is a true captain of industry. Work, constant, enthusiastic work, has ever been his motto. Idleness has no charms for him, and scarcely has recreation or things

that please the palate. His analytical, questioning and sanguine mind is ever reaching for new fields of endeavor. His conception is keen and searching, and he puts the impress of progress on whatever he touches. May he be with us for many years. His achievements, it is safe to say, will endure to the end.



THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

BY CHARLES S. GLEED.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S grandfather went from New Jersey, in about 1815, to Indiana. In due time his three sons went back east to grow up with the country. John Wanamaker was the son of one of these sons, and he was born in Philadelphia in 1837. He went to school from the time he could until he was fourteen years of age, and then he "accepted a position," as the local papers say, at a dollar and a half per week in a Market Street retail store. He polished up the handles of the big front door and did other useful and honorable work that his employer wanted done, and before anybody knew how it happened he was skilled in all the details of running a store. He has never forgotten a thing about these details, but he has added to such knowledge an unsurpassed skill in mercantile generalship. As a mercantile soldier he can not only carry a gun, but he can plan a battle and conduct a campaign. In Philadelphia and New

York he has, first and last, bought and sold, to the value of many hundreds of millions of dollars, everything that could gracefully and conveniently be taken in and out of a store.

Almost every field in the whole mercantile area has received his attention—and to his profit. Grand total result (so far as an accountant would report) millions of dollars. When President Harrison called

Mr. Wanamaker to his cabinet, many people were displeased, but most people thought it was a good appointment. A merchant, a church man, a Sunday-school manager, a scrupulous and punctilious man, and an independent though ardent Republican, some regarded him as unfit for usefulness in the practical political field. Opinions may still be divided on this point except in this respect, to wit: he had no trouble in doing a good job as postmaster-general.

Organization, system, method, business mechanism, were all exactly in his line, and he soon had the complexities of the postal department at his finger ends. He instituted valuable methods and corrected some bad practices. He spread the fast-mail service and opened up sea post-offices in which foreign mails are distributed and made up on the sea. He favored the establishment of a postal telegraph system and agitated many other changes. The department is

JOHN WANAMAKER.



better to-day for his having been at the head of it. Mr. Wanamaker has long been in command of a great Sunday-school in Philadelphia, which started with twenty or thirty pupils and now has something like three thousand. Almost every good enterprise of a Christian character in Philadelphia in the past forty years has had Mr. Wanamaker's assistance. He has also been connected with a very large

proportion of the worthy business enterprises. These relations have caused him to be better known to the people of the country generally than any other citizen of the Quaker City. His theory of life and business is well described in Peter Cooper's statement about himself made at the complimentary banquet given to him once in New York. Mr. Cooper said: "While I have always recognized that the object of business is to make money in an honorable manner, I have endeavored to remember that the object of life is to do good. Hence I have been ready to engage in all new enterprises and, without incurring debt, to risk the means which I have acquired in their promotion, provided they seemed to me calculated to advance the general good."

Mr. Wanamaker has given quite liberal expression to his views on many subjects in the public prints. He is an "anti-machinist" in politics, and does not train well under the direction of bosses. And yet he was a hardworking Republican National Committeeman in 1888, and has done an enormous amount of strenuous political duty in accord and coöperation with the

regular Republican organization. If all citizens of our large cities would give the same personal attention to city affairs that Mr. Wanamaker has given to the affairs of Philadelphia, our towns would be better governed and our city scandals fewer. He gave a great amount of personal attention to the problem of a satisfactory water supply in Philadelphia. On one occasion he offered to purchase the gas plant of the city at a higher price than the city was about to accept for it, and not long ago he offered a large amount in excess of the price paid for the city's street-railway franchise. He was a power in the Centennial Exposition work of 1876, and he gave much attention to the celebration in 1882 of the two hundredth birthday of the city. He was one of the founders of the Penny Savings Bank in Philadelphia, one of the highest class institutions of its kind in the United States. He is quoted as having said once: "Thinking, trying, toiling and trusting is all of my biography." It is certain that he will go on thinking, trying, toiling and trusting until his present broad and wholesome activity is ended in the ending of life.

CHARLES HENRY CRAMP.

BY LEWIS NIXON.

THREE is one man who, by attainment, results accomplished and eminence in the profession of ship-building, of which he is the admitted head, in every way fills the ideal called to mind by the expression "captain of industry."

Charles H. Cramp is a captain of industry in all that the term implies, and if the best title of leadership rests upon a knowledge and understanding of industry itself, then he is doubly titled, for he is industry personified.

The people of this country have come to associate him with the great things of this great country, and yet it is to his knowledge of detail and the fact that he could do personally anything he might ask any man in his great establishment to do that he owes his most notable achievements.

I have often said that Charles H. Cramp knows more about more things than any other man.

He can tell them to others, too, in a most interesting and instructive way.

When in the midst of the strain of a business that requires intense application, he will strike off from a subject and pass to some other and dwell upon events and incidents that may seem not to have the remotest connection with the matter under discussion; and yet, when he is through, the question has been illuminated and brought out in the mind of the listener just as a great artist by shades and divergent lines brings out the striking features of a picture. Mr. Cramp, while not large in stature, is a most impressive personality; a large, splendidly shaped head, strong features, mobile, expressive and pleasing face, combined with an alert, yet gentle manner, stamp him at once as a man of eminence even among strangers.

Mr. Cramp is a most generous man. No deserving cause ever goes to him in vain,

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

and it is the heart to which even the "striker" appeals, for I have often seen him slip some such man a bill and a few minutes later lecture us at the lunch-table for indiscriminate giving.

The question is usually asked: To what does a certain man owe his success in a certain profession?

In the case of Mr. Cramp and his profession this is easily answered. He knows all about it.

Other men must learn by study or perfect themselves along certain lines. Mr. Cramp represents in his own person the development of the steel steamship, and every step in this development has been directed by him personally.

It has been my pleasure and privilege to hear from his lips the story of the labor and study out of which has come the shipbuilding and engineering practice of to-day. Can one be astonished at the quick judgment and intuition which sees through difficulties and points them out and explains how they may be removed in tentative plans or be surprised at the weight which is given to his opinion?

To tell of the vessels he has built would be simply repetition; to speak of the wonderful establishment of which he is the master-mind and of the refinement of its product would be only to re-tell a tale already known to the engineering world.



CHARLES HENRY CRAMP.

The new Ironsides, the forerunner of the battleship of to-day, was designed and built by him, and the story of her building is as inspiring as any other page of American history and endeavor.

Mr. Cramp was born in 1828, and at the age of seventy-four still does a day's work that would cause many a younger man to complain.

He made a strong impress upon the Navy Department at the beginning of the new navy, and the government has profited by his great knowledge and experience in all that has been done.

Mr. Cramp likes young men, and never neglects an opportunity to give them advice and assistance in developing character.

In the manifold duties of his shipbuilding work he finds time to write able and forceful articles upon great public questions, and his words always carry conviction, as

he detests deceit or hypocrisy in any form. Could he be spared from the shipbuilding world, he would make an ideal senator. Philadelphia has produced but few men of such great attainment—and no man who has made that city better known throughout the world.

Mr. Cramp is an evidence that it is not only the young who are strenuous, and he is an example of the highest and best development of American manhood.

JOHN WILLIAM MACKAY.

BY CHARLES S. GLEED.

JOHN W. MACKAY is one of the finest specimens of the finest type of men contributed by Old Ireland to the United States. He came from Dublin, where he was born in 1831, and settled in New York. But he did not stay settled. After

working some time in a shipbuilder's office, he went to Louisville, Kentucky, where fortune smiled on him to the extent of a considerable "grub-stake." When the California gold-fever broke out, he caught it, and, unsettling himself in Louisville,

joined a party bound for the gold coast. He reached California and in due time became possessed of a large and varied experience while other people became possessed of a good deal of his money. Following a straight tip given him by fate, he once more unsettled himself and went to Nevada. There he attached himself to certain chances and possibilities, and after many years of hard work, with both head and hands, he found himself one of the largest owners in that fabulous cluster of Nevada mines near Virginia City, the Hale and Norcross, and the Consolidated Virginia being among the number.

From a single mine Mr. Mackay and his associates took out over one hundred and fifty million dollars in silver and gold. Mr. Mackay was probably much the largest owner of the bonanza mines and his wealth piled up on him like a tidal wave. When Mr. Mackay had fully fixed his status as a multi-millionaire he unsettled himself a fifth time and went from Nevada to the place of begin-

ning—or at least to New York—where he now lives when he is not in Europe or in the West. Among the great enterprises which he has founded, or helped to found, may be named the Nevada Bank, which he and Messrs. Flood and Fair established in 1878, and the Commercial Cable Company, which he and Mr. James Gordon Bennett organized in 1884. This company with its ramifications, is one of the strongest corporations in the world, and Messrs. Mackay and Bennett are supposed to own nearly all of it. Of other corporate relations Mr. Mackay has a great

number, and he knows very much about all the institutions to which he puts his name. Mr. Mackay is a quiet, shrewd, twinkling, lithe, active man, as indestructible as steel wire without steel wire's ability to rust. With him increased difficulties diminish his stock of discouragement and new terrors take away his sense of fear. Pluck, grit, nerve are the chief ingredients in his make-up. He is direct, determinate, unhesitating. He indulges no foolish pride about immaterial things. So far as vanity is concerned he is just as willing to-day to be an ordinary miner, working with pick

and shovel, as he was forty years ago. He wants results and goes the short way after them. He has a great way with men. Those working for him always feel as if they were working with him. He commands the best there is in those who are near him. Good work for him is the only thing that seems possible to those who are on his rolls. He holds to his friends through thick and thin. Many who were inti-

mate with him in the earlier days are still his closest friends. The man with the hoe and the man with the pick and shovel are as sure of being remembered and respected as the man with money. In both cases it depends on the man and not on his circumstances. Mr. Mackay has had political honors thrust at him, but they were never permitted to stick. He declined the United States senatorship from Nevada when he could have accepted it. He has always maintained that he could not do better by his business than to attend to it. He has always been a devoted



JOHN WILLIAM MACKAY.

adherent of the Catholic Church, and he has given much to charitable institutions, public and private. Wide travel and close observation have enriched his mind and given him an education which no university could bestow.

All things considered, Mr. Mackay is an extraordinary figure, and when he passes away there will be left no other so perfect a representative of the stalwart founders of

the business structure of the western slope. Huntington, Stanford, Hearst, Flood, O'Brien, the Crokers and others of their class have nearly all closed their remarkable records. Of all such records perhaps no one is more remarkable than that above briefly outlined. No man better than he exemplifies the happy coincidence of good health, good mind, good courage and good luck.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL presents a remarkable example of apparent heredity in mental tendency, involving three successive generations: that of the original possessor of the intellectual hereditament in question, that of his son and that of his grandson, the latter being the subject of our sketch. In other words, it might be affirmed that the telephone is the product of three generations of effort in one family to extend and perfect the domain of human speech. The steps follow one another with beautiful precision. First, in the early days of the nineteenth century Alexander Bell, a Scotchman, began the march with an invention for removing impediments to speech. His life was concentrated upon the study of the natural organs of language and the means of improving them. To make the deaf hear, or at least to furnish them with some equivalent for hearing, was one of his dreams.

His son, Alexander Melville Bell, born at Edinburgh in 1819, took the next step. It was straight in line with his father's, but longer. He became connected with the University of Edinburgh and with the London University and later with Queen's College at Kingston, Canada, as a lecturer on the principles of speech and elocution. He greatly improved his father's system and invented a method of teaching deaf mutes to speak. It was called "visible speech," because it represented the pronunciation of words by symbols addressed to the eye, and it is still in use among institutions for the deaf and dumb.

All this was not accomplished without a profound study of the mechanism of the organs of speech and hearing and of the

laws of sound, and the results of these studies, directly transmitted to the man who was to make the third stride, led, according to the statement of Alexander Graham Bell himself, to the invention of the telephone.

This third step opened out a new and broader field. The attempt was no longer merely to improve the ordinary means of transmitting and receiving speech, but to extend the audibility of the human voice to incredible distances; to enable man, as it were, to speak and be heard all around the world, wherever electric wires could be stretched. But this step would not have been taken if the man who made it had not been brought to an advanced position by those which preceded it. Professor Bell has been particular in averring that his great invention was no happy accident or inspiration, but the result of long, patient, persevering studies, based upon the labors of his predecessors. It is worth while to note this fact for the benefit of those who think that great things can be achieved by a sudden dash of genius.

This continued effort in a single direction by three successive individuals in one family, each catching his inspiration from his immediate predecessor like a leaping flame, is one of the rarest things in history. It is like the extension of one man's life over three generations. How happy would the inventor and discoverer, who feels himself thwarted by the brevity of life, become if he could always be assured that his son and his grandson would effectively prolong the development of his work over the space of a hundred years. It would be almost as good as the realization of the dream, inspired by the recent experiments

of Professor Loeb and Dr. Matthews, that science may extend human existence to the measure of years meted to Enoch and Methuselah, who, alas! had no scientific theories to work out.

It is not the intention in this sketch to discuss the claims of those who have asserted that their right to be regarded as inventors of the telephone is as good as Professor Bell's. Long, expensive and famous litigations have legally established the standing of the latter; and whatever might or might not have been developed out of a triumph of his adversaries, the fact is that, with the field cleared before him, he has virtually encircled the earth with electrically transmitted speech, and the results of his experiments and discoveries, gathering force, like a projectile from a rifle, through three long generations of concentrated effort, have facilitated human intercourse and industry in every civilized country.

Precisely upon what does Alexander Graham Bell's claim to be regarded as one of the captains of industry in our time rest? Upon the invention of the telephone, to be sure; but many others have worked upon that problem, and there must be some particulars in which he stands ahead of them all. Others, experimenting with the transmission of sound by the aid of electricity, had been thwarted by the difficulties presented by articulate speech. Musical telephones were comparatively easy to make, because musical notes can be transmitted by intermittent and pulsatory currents, and Reis's telephone, invented in 1860, could transmit a tune or a melody. But in order to transmit the peculiar timbre of articulate speech, something else was needed.



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

Here the knowledge accumulated by Professor Bell and by his father and his grandfather—for each of these had been in turn a careful and life-long instructor to his son—came exactly into play. All the known phenomena of speech and hearing were as familiar to Alexander Graham Bell as his daily bread. He took the human ear, not a model of it, but an actual ear, and by manipulating it as a phonograph (a machine for writing sounds) he obtained perfect tracings, in the form of sinuous lines, of the sounds that affected the ear. While engaged in these experiments, he

was struck by the remarkable disproportion in weight between the thin membrane of the ear-drum and the bones that it set in vibration, and he said to himself: "If a membrane as thin as tissue-paper can control the vibration of bones that, compared to it, are of immense size and weight, why should not a larger and thicker membrane be able to vibrate a piece of iron in front of an electro-magnet?"

Acting upon this thought he constructed his first

speaking telephone, and, after making a number of improvements, finally exhibited the instrument at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, where, among the crowd of idle curiosity-seekers, happened to be Sir William Thompson, now Lord Kelvin, who was amazed by the invention, pronounced it "the wonder of wonders in electric telegraphy," and, on going home, astonished his colleagues of the British Association, then in session at Glasgow, by his account of what he had seen and heard.

We saw, a few moments ago, that the transmission of musical sounds by telephone was no new thing at this time; in what,

then, did the wonder of Bell's machine consist? Sir William Thompson, in his Glasgow address, told wherein the marvel lay: Bell's telephone reproduced by electricity "the tones and delicate articulations of voice and speech, and it was necessary, in order to obtain this result, to find out the means of varying the intensity of the current in the same proportion as the inflections of the sound emitted by the voice." In the musical telephones the electric current was intermittent, but such a current would not answer at all for reproducing human speech. To accomplish that, Bell found that he must produce an undulatory current whose vibratory character would not be obliterated, as occurred with the intermittent and pulsatory currents, when sounds of different pitches were simultaneously transmitted, but which in such cases would simply undergo changes in the shapes of the undulations. Upon this the entire success of the telephone, as an instrument for the electric transmission of speech, depended, and Bell's studies of the ear, above described, led him to the solution of the problem.

His telephone, whose diaphragm, vibrating pieces of iron in front of an electro-magnet, had been suggested to his mind by the drum and bones of the human ear, pro-

duced the kind of current needed through the effects of induction. In the historic controversy between Professor Bell and Mr. Elisha Gray, one of the chief points in dispute related to the priority of claim for the use of undulatory currents, since these were indispensable for a speaking telephone, and the decision was in Bell's favor.

Of course, this was only a beginning, but to an unusual degree it covered subsequent development. Yet the history of law records no bitterer contest than that waged against Professor Bell by his rivals; other geniuses have contributed to the perfection of the telephone as we know it to-day, and at present Bell's original instrument is used only for a receiver, more sensitive forms of transmitters having been devised. But the great triumph was his, and when he had beaten his adversaries in the courts he had only to spread his system over the planet and enter into the enjoyment of his millions.

Professor Bell is yet comparatively young, having been born in 1847. He has made other inventions, such as that of the photophone, and he is actively interested in the advance of science; but the telephone dwarfs all his other achievements and constitutes his claim to rank among the leaders of his time.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

BY JAMES CREELMAN.

IN the sixty-first year of his eventful life James Gordon Bennett is to-day not only the most commanding figure in journalism, but also the most cosmopolitan type of man to be found anywhere in the world. Although he has lived in Paris for about a quarter of a century, and has at times startled that frivolous capital by the daring of his leadership in adventurous gaiety, outdoing the ebullient eccentricities of the lightest-hearted Bourbon princes—rash, headlong, irreverent—he has conducted in all its details the most prosperous and, in many respects, the most substantial and seriously enterprising newspaper in America, never for an instant losing control of its every policy, always the initiator, always the master. To find a standard by which

this innovating and dominating journalist can be measured, one must go back to the second John Walter, the greatest of the proprietors of the "London Times"; and yet Mr. Walter was only a journalist, while Mr. Bennett is famous as a traveler, yachtsman, marksman, whip, epicure and a man of fashion, at home in all countries. To understand the nomadic tendencies of the brilliant, many-sided man one must remember that he is still a bachelor; and to explain his alternate impulsiveness and far-seeing shrewdness it is necessary to know that he is half Scotch and half Irish. Mr. Bennett was born in New York city on May 10, 1841. His father, the founder of the "New York Herald," was born in New Mill, near Keith, Scotland, on September 1,

1795, of Roman Catholic parents, who were said to be French in their origin. When the elder Bennett was fourteen years of age he was sent to Aberdeen to study for the priesthood, but did not pursue that vocation. He emigrated to Halifax, Nova Scotia, in April, 1819, and earned his living there as a bookkeeper until he went to Boston and found employment as a proofreader. In 1822 he moved to New York, where he was successively the proprietor of a commercial school, a lecturer on political economy, a reporter and an assistant editor under James Watson Webb. He founded two small newspapers and failed both times. On May 6, 1835, he issued the first edition of the "New York Herald." In 1840 he married Miss Henrietta Agnes Crean, a poor but talented music teacher, whose parents were Irish. When he died in 1872 he was the richest and most aggressive editor in the country, the exemplar and protagonist of personal journalism.

It may surprise those who are familiar with the large side of the present Mr. Bennett's career to know that not only is he not a college-bred man, but that his education was irregular and scant. He is a brilliant linguist and has a good knowledge of history, but he is surprisingly devoid of academic learning. His father's

ambition was to develop in him the practical instincts of journalism.

Long before the elder Bennett died he made his son the absolute owner of the "Herald." This fact was made known a few years ago by Mr. Bennett's lawyer. But before imposing this responsibility upon the young man he allowed him to found and edit the "Evening Telegram." Already the heir of the "Herald" had shown the quality of temper that has since made him successful by winning an international race across the Atlantic ocean in his schooner "Henrietta" and by establishing a leadership among the young sportsmen of New York, daring anything and everything, imperious, generous, scornful of criticism and impatient of restraint—an American Prince Hal, with a hundred Falstaffs in his train.

It has been the custom to regard the elder Bennett as the greater

editor of the two. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The father had a genius for politics and was an astute manipulator of political leaders, and in this respect alone he was the superior of the son as a journalist. He had humor, business sagacity, a penetrating style as an editorial paragraphist, untiring energy and amazing enterprise and keenness in the collection of news. But it



JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

was the son who established the international standing of the "Herald" and gave it a character all its own, and it was he who maintained its supremacy in the teeth of almost incredible competition.

In considering Mr. Bennett one naturally thinks of Stanley, whom he sent into Africa to find Livingstone; of the ill-fated "Jeanette" expedition, which he sent to discover the North Pole; of the soup-houses, superintended by Delmonico, which he opened for the starving poor of New York; of the commercial cable, which he laid across the Atlantic, with the assistance of Mr. Mackay, to destroy the great cable monopoly; of the one hundred thousand dollars which he gave, and the three hundred thousand dollars which he raised, to feed the famine-stricken peasants of Ireland, and to break the effects of Mr. Parnell's agitation in America; of the system of transatlantic storm-warnings which he organized, and of other strokes of brilliant enterprise.

But the real key to Mr. Bennett's character as a journalist—and it is only in that capacity that he has a right to distinguished consideration in his own country—is to be found in his efforts to convert the "Herald" into an impersonal organization. His one ambition to-day is that when he dies the "Herald" shall continue—to use his own words—as a sort of headless republic, which no one man or no one party can control. It was with that idea chiefly in view that he turned the paper into a stock company, capitalized at one hundred thousand dollars.

While Mr. Bennett's body has been in Paris, the serious part of his mind has been in New York. It may be that the nagging abuse of the American press and the broader, gayer conditions of life in the French capital induced him to leave the land of his birth in the beginning, but he soon discovered that in his library in the Champs Elysées he was free to conduct the "Herald" without the interference of outside personal pressure. Looking at American events and tendencies from a distance of more than three thousand miles, his judgment was cooler. The Europeans of rank and position with whom he associated himself in his recreation—yachting, pigeon-shooting, horse-racing, coaching—were interested in the affairs of their own country

and had no desire to influence the course of a newspaper in New York. He might ride with the hounds in England, shoot in France, sail the Mediterranean with the Russian grand dukes, drive his coaches over the most picturesque roads of the Riviera or live at ease in his country house at Bougival or Nice, entertaining the liveliest and most interesting men of the Continent, without incurring obligations embarrassing to the "Herald." While Mr. Bennett keeps his newspaper free from direct affiliation with any political party, he is himself a conservative Democrat and a consistent opponent of American jingoism. His residence in France has removed him from any temptation to develop political ambitions, so that, in his ripe years, he can look with unprejudiced eyes upon party issues.

New Yorkers are familiar with the aggressive personality and brilliant caprice which Mr. Bennett displayed in the "Herald" many years ago. He fought Jay Gould with unrelenting ferocity, attempted to destroy the great American News Company by establishing a rival corporation, attacked the Catholic church in bitter editorials and made himself the most abused man of the American press. He laughed at conventions and traditions and invariably printed in the "Herald" the worst things his enemies said about him. When John Kelly, the leader of Tammany Hall, publicly assailed his private character, Mr. Bennett retorted in a contemptuous editorial: "The proprietor of the 'Herald' lost his reputation long before Mr. Kelly was ever heard of." When Jay Gould gave to the press of New York a letter of ten thousand words attacking his personal life, Mr. Bennett published it in full in the "Herald," with the curt remark that Mr. Gould was "a gentleman." He swung his newspaper from one side to another in public questions with startling abruptness.

Time has mellowed and broadened Mr. Bennett. He has withdrawn his name from the editorial page of the "Herald" and eliminated every suggestion of personal journalism from its columns. It has been a difficult feat for such an impetuous and imperious man, unaccustomed to effective opposition or compromise. All this has been a deliberate preparation for the impersonal future of the "Herald" when he

shall have passed away. His genius for organization and discipline has created a machine that will run smoothly without the one-man power. Long ago he parted company with the distinguished writers who dominated his editorial page in order that no man's individuality or influence should be too strong. For years he has entrusted the main journalistic management of the "Herald" to Mr. William C. Reick, an able, conscientious and modest editor, who is known to the public simply as the "city editor." The business management and the superior control are in the hands of Mr. Gardiner G. Howland, a silent, conservative man, once the friend of Mr. Bennett's boyhood. The sweeping, unexpected changes of staff and of policy are over, and the "Herald" has taken on the independent, conservative and anonymous character which its proprietor expects it to maintain after his death.

And yet, in spite of this theory of journalism by council or committee, the incontrovertible fact remains that the "Herald" has not in thirty years accomplished anything of importance or carried out a successful policy, in either the editorial or business departments, that was not the direct inspiration of its proprietor's brain. The success of the "Herald," which has an income of nearly a million dollars a year, is a refutation of Mr. Bennett's own theory of committee journalism and a vindication of the one-man principle. James Gordon Bennett is the "Herald" and the "Herald" is James Gordon Bennett. It must always be so while he lives. His most striking successes have been usually gained in the face of adverse advice. When he decided to move the "Herald" office up-town and house it in its present Italian palace, his most trusted lieutenants opposed the plan; yet that was one of the wisest steps he ever took.

It is hard to sum up the character of this remarkable American; it is too complex and paradoxical. He is by turns intensely proud and humbly self-condemnatory; royally generous and penitentially saving; trustful and jealously suspicious; now displaying the most delicate tact and consideration to all who are about him and now breaking out into moods of harsh intolerance; to-day a patriotic, enthusiastic

American, to-morrow a critical European, coldly dissecting the qualities of his own country in the Paris edition of the "Herald"; one hour dashing, careless, reckless sportsman, as hilariously prankful as a boy, and next a slave to work, directing his lieutenants in every part of the world with untiring energy.

When Mr. Bennett comes to America, he is besieged by intriguers for his favor. During one of his brief visits to New York a prominent politician, whose ambitions led to the mayoralty, offered him a check for fifty thousand dollars for the support of the "Herald." "This check can be traced to me," said Mr. Bennett, looking him in the eye. "Then I'll get you the money," said the foolish politician, deceived by the calm bearing of the journalist. "Good!" said Mr. Bennett. Presently the politician returned with a roll of money. Mr. Bennett could no longer restrain himself. He tore the check in two, threw it in his visitor's face, and drove him from his presence.

Some years ago a New York syndicate cabled a message to Mr. Bennett, asking him if the "Herald" was for sale and what was the lowest price he would take. His answer was: "The 'Herald' is for sale—price, three cents daily, five cents on Sunday."

Had Mr. Bennett not been the owner of the "Herald," the service he has rendered to the cause of wholesome, legitimate sport would have established him as a notable man. He introduced polo to America; spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in leading the revival of coaching in France, abandoning the whip only after an almost fatal accident in 1893; organized international automobile races; built and sailed yachts, and in a hundred ways encouraged out-of-door, manly pastimes. His attitude to sea-sport is illustrated by the fact that he is always the licensed captain of his own yacht. To-day he holds a government certificate as commander of his beautiful new vessel, the "Lysistrata," in some respects the finest steam-yacht afloat.

And during all these years of travel and sport and adventure there has never been a day when every vital detail of the "Herald" was not controlled by its absent owner. It requires absolute genius to do that sort of thing successfully.

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE.

W. R. HEARST'S idea is to exercise public influence through the simultaneous efforts of opinions in newspapers all over the United States.

He owns three great newspapers already: the "New York American and Journal," the "Chicago American" and the "San Francisco Examiner." All of these newspapers he has built up from nothing, and each is at least as successful as any other paper in the city in which it is published.

Mr. Hearst's idea is to establish newspapers in all of the great cities of the United States. He undoubtedly will begin the publication of a fourth newspaper during the current year.

Mr. Hearst is thirty-eight years old, considerably over six feet tall and a man well equipped for success. He is very strong physically, and usually remains at his newspaper office until two o'clock in the morning or later.

He drinks nothing but water and milk, does not smoke and has absolutely no interests outside of his newspapers, except a mild interest in the collection of paintings and other works of art.

W. R. Hearst's success varies from that of the average successful man, and especially from the average successful editor, in one important respect.

He has succeeded in spite of wealth. It is usual to praise and admire those who succeed in spite of poverty. Those who overcome poverty are numerous. They have an enormous advantage in this, that if they are ambitious they must work.

The rich man is not compelled to work. Whatever the average successful man craves as a result of labor the rich man possesses already.

Who are the men in the United States who have succeeded, who have triumphed over the keenest competition, despite the possession of wealth? You can scarcely mention one. There is absolutely no such individual save W. R. Hearst among the successful editors of America.

Greeley, Bennett and all the others were very poor men, whose very bread depended on their success in making a newspaper attractive to the public and upon their

loyalty, at least in the beginning, to the interests of those whom they expected to have buy their newspapers.

It must not be imagined that men of wealth have left the newspaper field alone.

W. R. Hearst is not the only rich man who ever tried to represent the people and to secure their confidence as the editor of a powerful newspaper. But he is the only rich man who ever succeeded. The number of those who tried and failed is very great. Huntington owned the "Star" and it failed, Jay Gould owned the "World" and it failed, Duke, the head of the Tobacco Trust, owned the "Recorder" in partnership with another very rich man and it failed.

Scores of rich men have foolishly spent money in the belief that money could make newspapers or build up an editor. They all failed.

Hearst had no such idea. He went from the publication of a college paper at Harvard to the publication of the "Examiner" in California. He was a very young man. It may safely be said that since that time there has not been a day, if there has been even an hour, when his mind was not working with real concentration at his newspaper plans.

This writer believes that the actual intention of W. R. Hearst, through his newspapers, is to fight persistently the cause of genuine democracy—not merely the Democracy of a political party, but the real democracy upon which the government is founded.

If it is true that a democratic, honest, people's newspaper is important to the public welfare, W. R. Hearst's work makes his ideas and plans of importance to every American. From one point of view the fact that Mr. Hearst has always been a rich man is reassuring.

Of many great newspapers and great editors this has been the history: they began poor and radical, they ended rich and conservative.

Wealth has a great effect on human character, and no man who has not possessed wealth can tell what the effect on him will be.

Many editors and many newspapers are made utterly worthless, morally, by the money which a newspaper success always brings.

The editor begins poor with enthusiastic devotion to the people's rights, and he is quite sincere, for he sympathizes with those who like himself have little money.

The editor ends rich, with enthusiastic devotion to the rights of property, and again he is sincere. He really believes that he has overcome some of the foolish enthusiasm of youth. As a matter of fact, he still sympathizes with those who are like himself; and as he is now rich, he sympathizes with the rich.

Those who have observed the course of successful newspapers, realizing how many change from radical to conservative when prosperity comes, must realize the extreme improbability of W. R. Hearst's newspapers being changed in character by their material success.

Whatever money can give a man W. R. Hearst had at the start. He has established his newspapers, and he is working hard, not to get a few more millions which he does not need, but to get what money can't or ought not to buy, a share in the government of the country, the confidence of and appreciation of the people, honestly earned.

There appears to be no doubt of the material success of Hearst's newspaper plan throughout the United States.

He has selected for his efforts the most difficult cities, taking them in the order of their difficulty. He succeeded in New York with amazing rapidity, and in Chicago his methods, made more effective by experience, succeeded even more quickly. For instance, in planning his Chicago cam-

paign he expressed the belief that the daily "American" would have a circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand daily at the end of the first year, and the Sunday edition one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

At the end of five weeks the daily edition had a circulation of two hundred and twenty-five thousand and the Sunday edition exceeded three hundred thousand. Both editions have greatly increased in circulation since that time.

Mr. Hearst has established three successful newspapers. But this success is a very small one in comparison with the plans which he has in view. It is, therefore, fair to say that his actual accomplishments are of slight importance in comparison with the future work which he has mapped out.

The people of the country have more cause to be interested in knowing what Hearst's plans really are and what are the ideas which control him than in hearing about the achievements which he has already put to his credit.

Fortunately for the average child in the United States, the late Senator Hearst believed that his son should have a chance to know what the average American boy thinks and to grow up as an average American boy. Hearst went to the public school in his boyhood. He learned that the greatest agency in the United States for good, that with which no other can be compared, was the American public school system.

Every editor and every editorial writer and every reporter on all of the Hearst newspapers knows that the promotion of public school interests is the chief aim of those newspapers. On this point Hearst's theory is expressed as follows:



WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

"The public schools should be so good, the public wealth should make them so far superior to any private school, that no father could afford to send his child to any save a public school."

Hearst believes in public ownership of public franchises and preaches this belief in his newspapers.

He believes in the election of senators by the people and in the control of all other public matters by the people. He is a Democrat in politics, as was his father, but has opposed the Democrats in many details of their platform, although he has always supported the party as better and more honest on the whole than the party opposed to it. He favored expansion from the first, declaring that if our system of government was not good it ought to be changed, and if it is good it cannot be spread too far over the earth. He takes a very modern view of the earth itself, looking upon it as a decidedly limited parcel of land which ought to be controlled as soon as evolution and justice will allow by the ablest race of men and the most honorable government. He considers that the American race and the American government are the ablest and most honorable and feels that we should not leave to England or Germany or any other power any parts of the earth's surface which can be properly brought under our own control.

Hearst's objects in editing newspapers are big objects. They aim at the mental and physical improvement of all the people, through proper distribution of ownership and proper distribution of products.

His idea is to draw together as large a body of readers as possible, that the largest possible number may read his views and coöperate with him if they share his beliefs. He draws together every day and every Sunday the greatest audience that has ever listened regularly to any one man in the history of the world. His three Sunday newspapers combined are taken in fifteen hundred thousand American homes.

This enormous audience is drawn together, not merely by the expression of sound opinions, but chiefly perhaps by the fullest collection of the world's news and by a realization of the dramatic possibilities that the news affords.

The average newspaper has always

printed stories about bears. Hearst sent out an expedition, captured a full-size grizzly alive and presented it to the San Francisco zoological garden. It dwells there to this day in a big iron cage, eating peanuts and proving to the world that there is truth in the bear stories that you see in the Hearst newspapers.

When great crimes are committed and the progress of justice is slow, Hearst's newspapers offer cash rewards for evidence of use to the police. In this way many criminals have been caught who would otherwise have gone free, and in addition the readers of Hearst's newspapers have been put in possession of the earliest news.

In one case when a child was kidnapped a large reward was offered and the child's portrait posted up by the Hearst newspapers all over the country. The child was recovered as a direct result of this dramatic kind of journalism and the reward was paid.

When Señorita Cisneros was locked in jail in Cuba, all the newspapers sympathized with her. Hearst's newspaper did a little more; it sent a collection of resolute men to Cuba, took the girl out of the jail and brought her to the United States.

Before the Spanish war there was much discussion in the United States Congress as to actual conditions on the Island of Cuba. Hearst chartered a steamship, and at his invitation members of the Senate and House of Representatives went to Cuba. Their report made the war and the liberation of Cuba inevitable.

Hearst's idea of the newspaper business is that it should do things itself and not merely report what others do.

The editor of a great newspaper is the first to be informed of events, and quick action is necessary. Hearst feels that the editor, if he is really interested, should take action and not merely advise others to act.

Hearst realizes fully the wonderful power of publicity and the force of reiteration. In a few years undoubtedly his newspapers will be published in all the big cities of the United States, all expressing the same ideas at the same time. It is probable that a new force will develop in national affairs when one man daily can talk to ten millions or more of his fellow-citizens. The

power of such a man will be considerable, provided that power be used for the actual good of the people. The force of a newspaper exists only because of the confidence which its readers have in the purposes that animate it.

Whatever a newspaper's circulation may be, it has no influence; it is a mere com-

mercial news-circular, as free from power as a sheet of market quotations, unless the readers believe that it actually works for their interests.

A good many hundred thousand readers believe that Hearst's newspapers work for them. It is that fact which makes Hearst a powerful and important man.

JOSEPH PULITZER.

BY ARTHUR BRISBANE.

CARLYLE wrote of the visit of King John to the primitive monastery of olden days. And in one of his complaining parentheses he asked why no man who saw the king had thought of actually describing him. What did he look like? what did he wear? what did he say? what did those people think who saw him?

He who would describe a human being to-day should begin first of all by doing the work of the eyes. He should give a picture of the man that he who reads may know what he is reading about.

Joseph Pulitzer is a very tall man, tall in body—about six feet three inches—tall in temper, tall in emotions, tall in sentiment, in force, in character.

His face is powerful and concentrated. It has teeth turned inward, an unusual thing in men. He is modest concerning his personal appearance. He actually believes that he is ugly.

To the barber who clipped his hair in the Burlington Arcade in London he said quite seriously: "Don't make me look like an orang-outang." As a matter of fact, Joseph Pulitzer possesses the best kind of good looks, those which indicate strength of character, concentration of

purpose and the capacity for strong feeling. What the reader wants to know about Mr. Pulitzer and what I shall try to tell him here are some of those things which he has not heard already.

Joseph Pulitzer was born a little more than fifty years ago. He lived in Hungary until he was seventeen years old. One of his relatives is Professor Politzer, of Vienna, a distinguished scientist. His father was a college professor, his uncles were officers in the Austro-Hungarian army.

The infantile Pulitzer, aged seventeen, thought that fighting was the noblest human occupation. When he started for America his idea was to go to Mexico and get to fighting in the army there. One of his relatives was or had been a Mexican army officer.

He landed at Boston and came from there to New York. He was then a lank, lean, powerful young man with a smooth face, long upper lip, long, strong chin, very high top-head, clear gray eyes, unlimited nervous energy and a freedom from accepted ideas, from accepted beliefs in the importance of property, vested rights and so on, which made it possible for him to become, first, a useful, successful



JOSEPH PULITZER.

journalist, and, second, a very rich man.

On the way over, the young Pulitzer talked to sailors, and his absorbent mind made him believe that his future was an ocean life.

The Mexican army—Mexicans fight about nothing in particular—faded into the distance. He landed on American shores, saw the struggle for a mean living, was thrown with men who knew as much about his mental processes and unlimited ambition as they knew of trigonometry, and he made up his mind to go back to the sea. He applied for and secured an appointment on a whaler, a sailing vessel bound for a three years' cruise to the north.

Here you may observe how good men are providentially saved for important work.

If Joseph Pulitzer had got aboard that whaling ship, he might be at this day cutting blubber off a whale in the neighborhood of the North Pole, or more probably starting a mutiny to execute a captain guilty of treating his men cruelly.

Something went wrong, and Joseph Pulitzer failed to get the berth on the whaler.

At this time he could not speak one word of English. He spoke German and Hungarian, and he knew how to read Latin. That was his equipment for dealing with America.

He learned that war was going on in the United States, that some of the men who did not believe in slavery were fighting against others who did believe in slavery. He joined the army of the North and served in the cavalry until the war ended.

The future solemn historian who writes the history of Joseph Pulitzer, "one of America's great editors," will probably dwell on the fact that Pulitzer was present at the battle of Gettysburg.

It seems to me that other things are more important in his war record, especially three things.

First, he cleaned his own cavalry horse and at least one other horse belonging to an officer. Here he learned a good deal about the reality of life.

Second, he came in contact with a whipper-snapper officer, brutal to his men. This officer needed a lesson and he got it from Pulitzer, who knocked him down and was arrested to be held for court-martial. One day an old general of German

blood was hunting around for somebody who could play chess. He was told that a young Hungarian named Pulitzer, under arrest for striking an officer, was said to be able to play chess very well.

Fortunately, to this old general chess seemed more important than court-martials, and he had Pulitzer brought from his imprisonment to play chess with him. He was so amazed at the young man's mental force that the court-martial was patched up and Joseph Pulitzer was never tried. The old general deserved credit in view of the fact that he never won a game.

At the end of the war Joseph Pulitzer had added to his worldly possessions a limited knowledge of the English language and two or three dollars left over from his pay. He tried to sleep in the City Hall park, but was disturbed by vigilant policemen. Then a kind-hearted fireman allowed him to sleep in the furnace-room of French's Hotel on Park Row. Before the night was over somebody else who came on duty turned him out of there. He afterwards bought French's Hotel, tore it down and built the present "World" building on its site.

Soon after the war he went west to St. Louis. Traveling was different from what it is now. People crossed the big muddy river in ferryboats. Pulitzer had no money to cross. He offered to earn his passage by going back and forth a few times and working as fireman.

His big muscles and his force of will made him a very good fireman, and he was persuaded to stay on the boat at good wages for some time.

Before his real success began Joseph Pulitzer did all kinds of work, and after his success began he was proud of this early work in the right way. He learned by actual experience that it is worth while to help the man at the bottom.

He did not tell others about it after the fashion of the usual self-made, badly-made citizen. But he told his children about it always and impressed on them the fact that whatever they got from him they owed to his capacity to do hard work honestly when hard work fell to his lot.

Joseph Pulitzer was a member of the legislature in Missouri a little before he was twenty-one years old.

Throughout his life he absorbed largely the ideas surrounding him. When he was a hardworking young journalist he was extremely radical. Carl Schurz was the editor of the "Westliche Post," on which Pulitzer was a reporter. Very often when a man called upon him Carl Schurz would say: "Before you go I want you to see the most interesting young socialist in America," and he would say to the boy: "Ask Joe Pulitzer to come in here a minute."

Mr. Pulitzer's great success was the establishment of the "St. Louis Post-Dispatch," which at this day is the most successful newspaper in the state of Missouri. The paper was made successful, as was the "New York World" later, by attacking injustice, by refusing to recognize the claims of the rich to especial privilege, by working honestly for the great mass of the people who lived in the condition from which Pulitzer had emerged, thanks to favor and heredity.

Joseph Pulitzer was thirty-six years old when he had made a national reputation as a public speaker and as an editor. He had, or thought he had, all the money that he wanted. His St. Louis newspaper brought him in an income of one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars a year, and he decided that he would go abroad, as he had done once before, to study and give his brain a chance to make up for the time he had wasted in purely material achievements.

Unfortunately for his own physical comfort and fortunately for the world which needs vigorous fighters, Joseph Pulitzer's plans were changed. He saw an opportunity of purchasing the "New York World" and establishing a real newspaper in New York city. No real newspaper existed there at that time.

His doctor warned him against undertaking extra work, told him that violent effort and excitement would break up his health and perhaps ruin his eyes, already weakened by a combination of hard newspaper work in the daytime and reading late at night. While Joseph Pulitzer had been building up a successful newspaper and making a material success, he had been finishing, by personal isolated study, the education which had ceased when he was seventeen years old.

Joseph Pulitzer disregarded the doctor's warnings and suffered accordingly. He lost the sight of one eye entirely and almost the entire sight of the other eye, so that he is to-day practically a blind man, unable to read at all and unable to recognize his own children except by their voices. In return for this sacrifice he has established the "New York World" and demonstrated the fact in his day, as Greeley had done in his, that to be successful an editor must work for others.

The "World" has done many striking things under Joseph Pulitzer's management, and, like other newspapers, it rehearses these occasionally. Most of them are utterly unimportant, as unimportant as the wars and conquests of mites in a cheese.

The real thing that Joseph Pulitzer did through the "New York World" was this: For years he persisted honestly and sincerely against the special rights of special classes. He accumulated an enormous fortune, and he used his newspaper to teach his readers to think.

He taught them especially to believe that the Declaration of Independence was founded on reality and not on an abstract theory subject to the review of a banking account.

Of all his newspaper achievements one stands out that is especially and romantically interesting: that is, the control of the issue of United States Government bonds.

It was proposed by the Government of the United States, with Grover Cleveland as president and Wall Street interests as managers, to sell government bonds far below what proved to be their actual value.

Joseph Pulitzer, who a few years before had landed in the United States a penniless boy, ignorant of the English language, ignorant of American purposes, checked this scheme for robbing the government. He declared that the bonds were worth more than the proposed price of issue, and to prove his sincerity he offered a million dollars in gold for those bonds at the higher price.

The young boy who had come penniless from Hungary, by the real forces of publicity and honesty regulated the control of United States finances, at least for a short time.

In telling about the life of the successful

man, the best thing it seems to me is the good things he has done, without attempting to set limitations, and especially without attempting to criticise. The weakest man can justly praise what is good; he may err preposterously in attempting to criticise or set limitations to another man's achievements.

It can be said with certainty of Joseph Pulitzer that his life as an editor has been devoted to the actual welfare of the people as he understood it.

His views have perhaps been modified by time and prosperity.

He is not as radical now as he was in the old days of Carl Schurz, who saw in him the most interesting of young radicals.

His attitude toward the world is perhaps not exactly that which it was before the world had begun to pay to him a revenue of a million dollars annually.

He takes perhaps too kind a view of an imperfect social system, now that that social system gives him everything that he wants and more.

But praise is rarely mistaken and criticism is mistaken nearly always. In every able man's career there appear to be two phases, one of tearing down and one of

building up. Joseph Pulitzer's early years were devoted to the tearing down process. He attacked and destroyed many abuses. He has built up a great and successful engine for the expression of public opinion. Those who have received and have entertained the extremely radical views which marked Mr. Pulitzer's early days hope that he will continue to the end his fight for men belonging to the class of those who shoveled coal with him on the western river steamboat.

Whatever he may do hereafter, whatever conservative influences prosperity, age, a large family and time's disillusionment may have upon him, the world will always be indebted to him for good, honest, sincere, useful work.

He came here only a few years ago with many established prejudices against him, and especially against his poverty.

He benefited by American institutions, and he paid back a thousand fold for the benefit that he received.

He made the American idea stronger; he seized the opportunities that were offered to him; he used his brains and his ability to promote the idea that liberty and equality should be a reality.

ALBERT AUGUSTUS POPE.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

THE wheel is the symbol of commerce, of traffic, of human communication. The wheels of the world are numberless. On them the products of the earth are moved to the countless markets of the globe. They bring, they spin, they weave.

But the wheels of production, of manufacture, of commerce, of traffic hither and yon, are dependent on the road. The motive-power of the world has no value or significance unless the skill, the wealth and the industry of men have constructed highways of earth and iron along which wheels may carry what wheels have made.

Man is a slow student at the best. Nations at birth have the ocular dimness of the infant's eye. The Appian Way was not constructed until Rome had come to the wisdom of one about to die. Had she apprehended a century sooner what a mighty bond of empire a magnificent highway, stretching from one extremity of her

boundary to the other, would be, her eagles might be flying to-day. The road-builders are the empire-builders of the world.

Among us Americans certain men have grown to that measure of intelligence which apprehends this fundamental truth. The steamship, the railroad, the canal and the highway are the four factors that enter potentially into the perpetuity of the republic, and of these four the last is the most worthy of the country's attention. And this is true in the first place because it stands in closest connection with the prosperity and happiness of the greatest number of people, and in the second place because it has hitherto been almost wholly overlooked or stupidly neglected.

Some twenty years ago the idea of improving the high-ways of the country came to certain men among us. The average roads were in a wretched condition. Economically the status was deplorable. Traction-

power was taxed unmercifully. It cost the farmer as much to draw one ton to market as should have drawn five. Social life was narrowed by the slowness and difficulty of travel. The family was isolated. Not only did communities have no knowledge of road-making, but they had no pride in good roads. Good roadways were looked upon by the average citizen as a luxury and not as a necessity.

Such was the condition of things twenty years ago. The apprehension of it and of their duty in view of it came to many almost simultaneously. And then the agitation for the improvement of the highways of the nation was begun and pushed onward. What has been accomplished is evident to all. No reformatory agitation ever passed from bud to bloom and on to fruiting so rapidly. Legislatures have been convinced, town officers educated, the press enlisted, magazines drafted into the service of a benevolent conception and a vast amount of novel and interesting information spread broadcast among the people. Best of all, certain bits of highway have actually been constructed in thousands of towns

which serve as an object-lesson to the citizens of the locality. The nation is well started in a determined effort to improve its roadways.

And it is not withholding just praise from any to say that no man has done more to advance this undertaking than Colonel Albert A. Pope of Boston, who is so universally known as the founder of the manufacture of bicycles in the United States and the pioneer of the great movement for better American roads.

To him the country owes the introduction of the bicycle. To him is due, more than to any other single individual, its improvement and popularization. From the old velocipede of two decades ago to the low, easy-

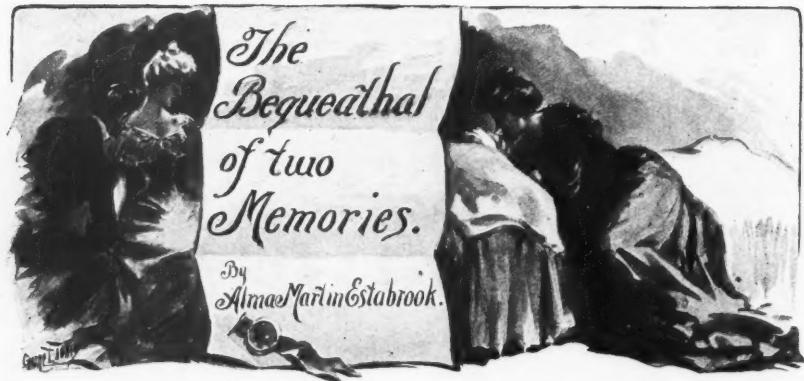
going, elegant American bicycle of to-day, measured by change in structure, speed, price and adaptation to popular wants, is a vast distance. It required courage to enter upon the business. He had it. It required patience to develop it. The needed patience was his. The highest order of perseverance was demanded. That was not wanting. In his hands a hazardous venture became an unqualified success. To-day over half a million bicycles are manufactured and sold annually. They minister to the health of the people. They multiply their pleasures. They lighten the toil of wage-earners. They assist convalescence to

health. As a popular benefaction, the bicycle is one of the greatest inventions of our age. And for all that the bicycle has cost in time, toil, risk and daring outlay of money, Colonel Pope must, in justice, be accredited the largest share. But for his courage, patience and perseverance, the American people would not have the splendid machine of to-day.

From the bicycle, doubtless, came to his mind the suggestion of improving the highways. This was natural. Colonel Pope is the owner of very large interests; good roads assist those interests. But it would be most untrue to say that because of this his devotion to the great work of improving the roadways of the country lacks the element of sincerity and regard for the public good. He is not built that way. He is a man of intelligence. He is quick to apprehend the needs of the country. He is a man of enthusiasm for large and noble results, and hence he has spent time, thought and money freely that the highways of the nation should be able to accommodate the traffic of the country and thus supply one of the greatest needs of the people.



ALBERT AUGUSTUS POPE.



WHEN Mrs. Armitage came down the Paddock stairs with a long silk coat thrown hastily over her receiving toilet, she had a glimpse of Emily Justice in a room below, surrounded by sympathetic women, while at the foot of the stairs, tearful and somewhat tragic, Mrs. Morton Justice waited.

"You are going to Mr. Madden, I am sure," she cried softly. "Will you tell him that the moment Emily begins to recover from the terrible shock of his injury I shall bring her to him? It is her first sorrow, and coming with such cruel suddenness it has quite overcome her. You will make him understand?"

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Armitage nodded, moving toward the door. "But she must not come till she is perfectly able to master herself. The least show of emotion might prove fatal to him. Remember that."

Mrs. Justice nodded, touched her eyes with her handkerchief and went softly back to her daughter.

The doctor was not waiting for Mrs. Armitage outside the sick room, as she had hoped. Only young Elliott Bye sat in the library. He came to meet her, tiptoeing carefully and speaking in a whisper.

"You're to go right in," he said.

"Ah, you?" Doctor Phelps said, looking up as she entered. "I told Madden I felt sure we might count on you."

"Of course," said she, taking off her coat.

Madden smiled feebly at her from his bandages. They had brought him in two hours before from the polo grounds where his horse had fallen on him.

"I'm going the trip, Mary," he said to her as she sat down.

There was an instant in which she waited on Phelps. He had helped her over other places where her hope had tottered, but he held nothing out for her to grasp now, and it was her own voice, with a strange ring in it, that broke the brief silence.

"I've planned a good many trips myself, Tom, that I never took, and I've taken a good many I never planned, so now I try to keep reasonably ready, and I don't worry whatever comes. Besides"—her eyes holding a sudden light—"for such old travelers as we, what does a trip more or less mean?"

"It's to a new country, you know," he smiled.

"You've been to many before."

Phelps motioned the nurse and they went softly out.

"Yes," Madden said slowly, "and you have always been among the last to bid me bon voyage and the first to give me welcome home."

Her fingers closed over his. "Yes," said she.

"It's come to be the natural thing. I don't believe I could go without it. That's why I had them send for you. I want you to be the last to——"

"Cross the gang-plank before you sail," she finished, speaking bravely. "I will."

"Emily will come soon," she said after a little.

"Ah, Emily. I am going with my debt to her unpaid."

"In a brave, impulsive minute she saved

your life, and you met the obligation with your love. What more could you possibly have done?"

"It was only a counterfeit, a semblance of what, years ago, I gave to another," he said, reluctantly.

She smoothed the linen of his pillow. "It has rung true to her. She will never know."

"No, not now."

"And the other woman?"

"She will not know, either."

"You have never told her?"

"I thought she knew—in the beginning, but I believe now that she did not guess. She was engaged when I met her, and she married soon after. She made a perfect wife, and when her husband died I was sure his memory filled her heart, and I dreaded to let her know I loved her for fear of lessening her friendship, which had come to mean so much to me."

"And you are going without leaving her anything, while the whole legacy of your affection goes to the girl you do not love," she observed, quietly.

He did not answer at once.

"Leave her her memory," Mary Armitage urged; "it is her due."

For a moment he lay looking wistfully at her as she sat, her hands folded over each other in her lap, her eyes on the light that wavered through a parting of the curtains. At last he put out his hand to her.

"Mary," he asked, "would it mean anything to—you?"

She turned with a sudden low cry. The light touched her face and showed him the glory of her eyes, the beauty of her smile. She bent and touched his lips.

"It means more to me now and always than anything has ever meant in all my life before," she said steadfastly.

There were steps in the outer room and voices. Emily Justice's plaintive tones crept in to them, and they heard the soothing ones of the doctor and her mother. Tom Madden looked at the woman beside him with a question in his eyes. She smiled and shook her head.

"No, do not tell her," she said, "I have my memory—leave her her's."

CONTRAST.

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

BECAUSE mine eyes were lifted high,
They lost what time they won;
I might have loved the moon if I
Had never seen the sun.

Had I not heard the crash and scream
Of great waves on a sea,
The prattle of a brook might seem
A wondrous threnody.

I may not tell if God hath blessed
Or banned me in this wise:
Because one day I knew the best,
No lesser thing I prize.

Ah, well, the little joys go by—
I smile, remembering
I might have loved the clown if I
Had never seen the king.

CECIL RHODES.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

THE far-sighted provisions of a will which contemplates the keeping at Oxford of more than a hundred American students must continue the interest of Americans in the remarkable man whose money furnishes the endowment. Never have we had more contradictory estimates of a man's character than those given of Cecil Rhodes. Few have had more devoted friends and admirers. Few have had more positive enemies.

Unfortunately, the published testimony as to his life is largely from manuscript prepared by his friends; his enemies are scattered and mostly uninfluential with the press. Any conservative estimate of his life must for the present be prepared largely from data which his friends have placed on record and from the general reports of his public actions.

Perhaps a key to the life of Rhodes may be found in a sentence uttered upon the occasion of his visit to Oriel Hall, Oxford, at the time of receiving a D.C.L. He claimed that he had based his conduct upon Aristotle's definition of virtue: "The highest activity of the soul living for the highest object in a perfect life"; this rendering being Rhodes's own instead of the accepted: "Rule one's life by the highest principle of right."

It is a conception which has given self-satisfied consciences to a thousand historical characters having work to do which required ruthless wills. In all time such men have justified themselves with the solace that they had before them a great end and that "the end justified the means." It is a convenient idea for the man who seeks an excuse for carrying out a previously determined purpose.

Rhodes's derivation was from a family which had been money-makers: in one generation as land accumulators and in another as controlling a class of labor in which large numbers of men have been employed, from the days of the children of Israel in Egypt, at low wages—the making of bricks.

Overtraining in a college crew at Oxford and the weak lungs which so often result sent Rhodes to Africa in search of health, a brother, Herbert, being already established there. Soon thereafter the discovery of diamonds attracted the attention of the world and the young man found himself in possession of a rich claim. A law which was intended to scatter the diamond wealth of Africa into as many hands as possible restricted Rhodes's ownership to one claim. He had that sort of masterfulness which one often sees in men of



CECIL RHODES.

In order to make place for a short study of Cecil Rhodes's career, the "Story of the Life of Theodore Roosevelt" will not be resumed until the September *COSMOPOLITAN*.



Drawn by V. Gribayedoff.

CECIL RHODES SIX YEARS AGO.

large frame who dominate smaller frames. If a law stands in the way of such men, the law is apt to be either violated or repealed. Rhodes had not reached the degree of self-confidence where he chose to violate the law; so he set about its repeal. Under the new law it was possible to acquire ten diamond claims, and it was soon discovered that Rhodes held ten claims. This, however, did not satisfy his ambition. It is the story of the human mind that, having one we want two, having two we want

four, and having four we want eight, and so on ad infinitum. No one has ever been able to name a duplication at which the mind of such a man is willing to stop.

The law limiting ownership to ten claims stood in the way of Rhodes's schemes, and this law also was repealed. Presently he found himself one of three interests controlling practically the whole diamond field, and subsequently these three resolved themselves into two. One was controlled by the notorious Barney Barnato, who, after

amassing endless millions, found life so unprofitable that he is supposed to have jumped into the sea from a ship on his way home. Barnato was sharp and shrewd, but he was no match for Rhodes. His stocks were juggled and his life bedeviled in unexpected and ingenious ways, until at last he was willing to accept peace on Rhodes's terms, while Rhodes became the master, in the South African diamond fields, of the greatest unearned increment the world has ever known.

Having juggled the laws, ousted other owners and intimidated Barnato, Rhodes was now ready for his great coup: namely, the juggling of the world of diamond-buyers. Long before Barnato had consented to play second fiddle, it was known that the production of diamonds was many times greater than the demand and that if each mine-owner were permitted to market his

product there would come a time when diamonds would not be worth twenty-five cents on the dollar. The public was rapidly waking up to this fact. If depreciation in diamonds had once begun, there is no telling where it would have ended. Rhodes said: "I will put all of these diamonds into underground vaults and lock them up; none shall be sold unless there are buyers. The press shall be brought into play to tickle the public fancy. Curious and ingenious articles shall be published, showing how the diamond is the perquisite of the

person of the highest fashion, so that the foolish ones of earth shall be titillated and induced to bedizen themselves with a gem which cannot be distinguished from the manufactured stone even by the eyes of the first experts." Only when subjected to chemical processes is it possible to determine whether it is a cheap manufactured article or the rarer stone dug out of the ground.

Never in the history of the world has there been a scheme more carefully wrought

out, more elaborate in its details, more extended in its scope or more cunning in its execution than this of Rhodes. He should have the fullest credit for his deftness in manipulation. It required a widespread net to accomplish what he had undertaken, and he must have co-operation in England. Incidentally he found that great names would be of the utmost use, and he proceeded to secure them.

It is said that during his trial after the Jameson raid, when many believed that the end would be imprisonment, he sat with the most serene confidence, smiling at his friends and assuring them that they need not be alarmed; that Mr. Chamberlain would see to it that he was fully protected. It was commonly reported, that it was for Chamberlain's own interests that Rhodes should not be punished and that the whole power of the ministry should be used to prevent any such catastrophe. Chamberlain does not seem to have been the earliest of Rhodes's victims.



CECIL RHODES RESTING AT GROOTE SCHUUR.



GROOTE SCHUUR, CECIL RHODES'S FAVORITE HOME.

In the first instance, by a large subscription ingeniously placed in Mr. Gladstone's campaign fund, he placed that statesman in an embarrassing position from which his most earnest friends have been unable entirely to exonerate him.

The diamond-mines, when discovered, were in territory belonging to the Boers. A mock contest was gotten up between a native chief and the Boers and, through misrepresentation to the Boers, a British referee appointed to decide the dispute. It is supposed that the offer was made Chief Waterboer to decide in his favor and pay him a large indemnity if immediately upon the decision he would cede his territory to Great Britain. At all events, this programme was carried out, and the surprised Boers found that instead of an international judge they had simply appointed a trustee to convey their interests to the British Empire.

This is the way the diamond-fields came to be under Great Britain. Howard Hensman, the biographer of Rhodes and his admirer and the admirer of everything British, is compelled to say of this transaction: "The Boers felt that they had been jockeyed out of their rights by the sharp practice of the British . . . Though the boundary of the Free State was very vaguely defined in this region, the weight

of evidence seems to be in favor of the Boers."

Having this example before his eyes, Rhodes recognized the advantage of having every available possession added to the country in which he was a leading factor. From time to time he was a prominent actor in the acquisition of territory through schemes not unlike the transaction just described. These several territories were necessary to his aims of great fortune, and he saw to their acquisition.

Presently he recognized that it would be to his advantage to sink the purely personal aspect of this territorial aggrandizement and to give it a name which would excite the enthusiasm of his countrymen. He devised the phrase "Empire-Building." The inconsiderate threw up their hands and shouted with enthusiasm.

Henceforward the acquisition of fortune took on another phase. When he returned to England, he was hailed as a great man. He was most fortunate in having as his friend the English prophet and enthusiast, Mr. Stead. Stead wrote an article in the "Review of Reviews," in his most brilliant style which proclaimed Rhodes a master-mind. From that time out hero-worshippers the world over bowed down to the image of Cecil Rhodes.

(To be continued.)

NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

II.—BUD TILDEN, MAIL-THIEF.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

“THAT’S Bud Tilden, the worst of the bunch,” said the jail warden—the warden with the sliced ear and the gorilla hands. “Reminds me of a cat-mount I tried to tame once, only he’s twice as ugly.”

As he spoke, he pointed to a prisoner in a slouch hat clinging half way up the steel bars of his cage, his head thrust through as far as his cheeks would permit, his legs spread apart like the letter A.

“What’s he here for?” I asked.

“Robbin’ the U-nited States mail.”

“Where?”

“Up in the Kentucky mountains, back o’ Bug Holler. Layed for the carrier one night, held him up with a gun, pulled him off his horse, slashed the bottom out o’ the mail-bag with his knife, took what letters he wanted and lit off in the woods cool as a chunk o’ ice. Oh! I tell ye he’s no sardine; you kin see that without my tellin’ ye. They’ll railroad him, sure.”

“When was he arrested?”

“Last month—come down in the November batch. The dep’ties had a circus ‘fore they got the irons on him. Caught him in a clearin’ ‘bout two miles back o’ the Holler. He was up in a corn-crib with a Winchester when they opened on him. Nobody was hurted, but they would a-been if they’d showed the top o’ their heads, for he’s strong as a bull and kin scalp a squirrel at fifty yards. They never would a-got him if they hadn’t waited till dark and smoked him out, so one on ‘em told me.” He spoke as if the prisoner had been a rattlesnake or a sheep-stealing wolf.

The mail-thief evidently overheard, for he dropped, with a cat-like movement, to the steel floor and stood looking at us through the bars from under his knit eyebrows, his eyes watching our every movement.

There was no question about his strength. As he stood in the glare of the overhead light I could trace the muscles through

his rough homespun—for he was a mountaineer pure and simple and not a city-bred thief in ready-made clothes. I saw that the bulging muscles of his calves had driven the wrinkles of his butternut trousers close up under the knee-joint and that those of his thighs had rounded out the coarse cloth from the knee to the hip. The spread of his shoulders had performed a like service for his shirt, which was stretched out of shape over the chest and back. This was crossed by but one suspender, and was open at the throat—a tree-trunk of a throat, with all the cords supporting the head firmly planted in the shoulders. The arms were long and had the curved movement of the tentacles of a devil-fish. The hands were big and bony, the fingers knotted together with knuckles of iron. He wore no collar nor any coat; nor did he bring one with him, so the warden said.

I had begun my inventory at his feet as he stood gazing sullenly at us, his great red hands tightly clasped around the bars. When in my inspection I passed from his opened collar up his tree-trunk of a throat to his chin and then to his face, half shaded by a big slouch hat, which rested on his flaring ears, and at last looked into his eyes, a slight shock of surprise went through me. I had been examining this wild beast with my judgment already warped by the warden; that’s why I began at his feet and worked up. If I had started in on an unknown subject, prepared to rely entirely upon my own judgment, I would have begun at his eyes and worked down. My shock of surprise was the result of this upward process of inspection. An awakening of this kind, the awakening to an injustice done a man we have half understood, often comes after years of such prejudice and misunderstanding. With me this awakening came with my first glimpse of his eyes.

There was nothing of the warden’s estimate in these eyes; nothing of cruelty

nor deceit nor greed. Those I looked into were a light blue—a washed-out china blue; eyes that shone out of a good heart rather than out of a bad brain; not very deep eyes; not very expressive eyes; dull, perhaps, but kindly. The features were none the less attractive; the mouth was large, well-shaped and filled with big white teeth, not one missing; the nose straight, with wide, well-turned nostrils; the brow was low, but not cunning or revengeful; the chin strong and well-modeled, the cheeks full and of good color. A boy of twenty I should have said—perhaps twenty-five; abnormally strong, a big animal with small brain-power, a perfect digestion—with every function of his body working like a clock. Photograph his head and come upon it suddenly in a collection of others, and you would have said: "A big country bumpkin who plows all day and milks the cows at night." He might be the blood-thirsty ruffian, the human wild beast, the warden had described, but he certainly did not look it. I would like to have had just such a man on any one of my gangs with old Captain Joe over him. He would have fought the sea with the best of them and made the work of the surf-men twice as easy if he had taken a hand at the watch-tackles.

I turned to the warden again. My own summing up differed materially from his estimate, but I did not thrust mine upon him. He had had, of course, a much wider experience among criminals—I, in fact, had had none at all—and could not be deceived by outward appearances.

"You say they are going to try him to-day?" I asked.

"Yes, at two o'clock. Nearly that now," and he glanced at his watch. "All the witnesses are down, I hear. They claim there's something else mixed up in it besides robbing the mail, but I don't remember what. So many of these cases comin' and goin' all the time! His old father was in to see him yesterday, and a girl. Some o' the men said she was his sweetheart, but he don't look like that kind. You oughter seen his father, though. Greatest jay you ever see. Looked like a fly-up-the-creek. Girl warn't much better lookin'. They make 'em out o' brick-clay and ham fat up in them mountains.

Ain't human, half on 'em. Better go over and see the trial."

I waited in the warden's office until the deputies came for the prisoner. When they had formed in line on the sidewalk I followed behind the posse, crossing the street with them to the Court-House. The prisoner walked ahead, handcuffed to a deputy who was a head shorter than he and half his size. A second officer walked behind; I kept close to this rear deputy and could see every movement he made. I noticed that his fingers never left his hip pocket and that his eye never wavered from the slouch hat on the prisoner's head. He evidently intended to take no chances with a man who could have made mincemeat of both of them had his hands been free.

We parted at the main entrance, the prisoner, with head erect and a certain fearless, uncowed look on his boyish face, preceding the deputies down a short flight of stone steps, closely followed by the officer.

The trial, I could see, had evidently excited unusual interest. When I mounted the main flight to the corridor opening into the trial chamber and entered the great hallway, it was crowded with mountaineers—wild, shaggy, unkempt-looking fellows, most of them. All were dressed in the garb of their locality: coarse rawhide shoes, deerskin waistcoats, rough, butternut dyed trousers and coats, and a coon-skin or army slouch hat worn over one eye. Many of them had their saddle-bags with them. There being no benches, those who were not standing were squatting on their haunches, their shoulders against the bare wall. Others were huddled close to the radiators. The smell of escaping steam from these radiators, mingling with the fumes of tobacco and the effluvia from so many closely-packed human bodies, made the air stifling.

I edged my way through the crowd and pushed through the court-room door. The judge was just taking his seat: a dull, heavy-looking man with a bald head, a pair of flabby, clean-shaven cheeks and two small eyes that looked from under white eyebrows. Half-way up his forehead rested a pair of gold spectacles. The jury had evidently been out for luncheon, for

they were picking their teeth and settling themselves comfortably in their chairs.

The court-room—a new one—outraged, as usual, in its construction every known law of proportion, the ceiling being twice too high for the walls, and the big uncurtained windows (they were all on one side) letting in a glare of light that made silhouettes of every object seen against it. Only by the closest attention could one hear or see in a room like this.

The seating of the judge was the signal for the admission of the crowd in the corridor, who filed in through the door, some forgetting to remove their hats, others passing the doorkeeper in a defiant way. Each man, as soon as his eyes became accustomed to the glare from the windows, looked furtively towards the prisoners' box. Bud Tilden was already in his seat between the two deputies, his hands unshackled, his blue eyes searching the judge's face, his big slouch hat on the floor at his feet. What was yet in store for him would drop from the lips of this face.

The crier of the court, a young negro, made his announcements.

I found a seat between the prisoner and the bench, so that I could hear and see the better. The government prosecutor occupied a seat at a table to my right, between me and the three staring Gothic windows. When he rose from his chair his body came in silhouette against their light. With his goat-beard, beak nose, heavy eyebrows, long, black hair resting on the back of his coat collar, bent body, loose-jointed arms, his coat tails swaying about his thin legs, he looked (I did not see him in any other light) like a hungry buzzard flapping his wings before taking flight.

He opened the case with a statement of facts. He would prove, he said, that this mountain ruffian was the terror of the neighborhood, in which life was none too safe; that although this was the first time he had been arrested, there were many other crimes which could be laid at his door, had his neighbors not been afraid to inform upon him.

Warming up to the subject, flapping his arms aloft like a pair of wings, he recounted, with some dramatic fervor, what he called the lonely ride of the tried servant of the government over the rude

passes of the mountains, recounting the risks which these faithful men ran; then he referred to the sanctity of the United States mails, reminding the jury and the audience—particularly the audience—of the chaos which would ensue if these sacred mail-bags were tampered with; "the stricken, tear-stained face of the mother," for instance, who had been waiting for days and weeks for news of her dying son, or "the anxious merchant brought to ruin for want of a remittance which was to tide him over some financial distress," neither of them knowing that at that very moment some highwayman like the prisoner "was fattening off the result of his theft." This last was uttered with a slapping of both hands on his thighs, his coat-tails swaying in unison. He then went on in a graver tone to recount the heavy penalties the government imposed for violations of the laws made to protect this service and its agents, and wound up by assuring the jury of his entire confidence in their intelligence and integrity, knowing as he did how just would be their verdict, irrespective of the sympathy they might feel for one who had preferred "the hidden walks of crime to the broad open highway of an honest life." Altering his tone again and speaking in measured accents, he admitted that, although the government's witnesses had not been able to identify the prisoner by his face, he having concealed himself in the bushes while the rifling of the pouch was in progress, yet so full a view was gotten of his enormous back and shoulders as to leave no doubt in his mind that the prisoner before them had committed the assault, since it would not be possible to find two such men, even in the mountains of Kentucky. As his first witness he would call the mail-carrier.

Bud had sat perfectly stolid during the harangue. Once he reached down with one long arm and scratched his bare ankle with his forefinger, his eyes, with the gentle light in them that had first attracted me, glancing aimlessly about the room; then he settled back again in his chair, its back creaking to the strain of his shoulders. Whenever he looked at the speaker, which was seldom, a slight curl, expressing more contempt than anxiety, crept along his lips. He was no doubt comparing his

own muscles to those of the buzzard and wondering what he would do to him if he ever caught him out alone. Men of enormous strength generally measure the abilities of others by their own standards.

"Mr. Bowditch will take the chair!" cried the prosecutor.

At the summons, a thin, wizen-faced, stubbly-bearded man of fifty, his shirt-front stained with tobacco juice, rose from his seat and took the stand. The struggle for possession of the bag must have been a brief one, for he was but a dwarf compared to the prisoner. In a low, constrained voice—the awful hush of the court-room had evidently impressed him—and in plain, simple words, in strong contrast to the flowery opening of the prosecutor, he recounted the facts as he knew them. He told of the sudden command to halt; of the attack in the rear and the quick jerking of the mail-bags from beneath his saddle, upsetting him into the road; of the disappearance of the robber in the bushes, his head and shoulders only outlined against the dim light of the stars; of the flight of the robber, and of his finding the bag a few yards away from the place of assault with the bottom cut. None of the letters was found opened; which ones were missing he couldn't say. Of one thing he was sure—none were left behind by him on the ground, when he refilled the bag.

The bag, with a slash in the bottom as big as its mouth, was then passed around the jury-box, each juror in his inspection of the cut seeming to be more interested in the way in which the bag was manufactured (some of them, I should judge, had never examined one before) than in the way in which it was mutilated. The bag was then put in evidence and hung over the back of a chair, mouth down, the gash in its bottom in full view of the jury. This gash, from where I sat, looked like one inflicted on an old-fashioned rubber football by a high kicker.

Hank Halliday, in a deerskin waistcoat and dust-stained slouch hat, which he crumpled up in his hand and held under his chin, was the next witness.

In a jerky, strained voice he told of his mailing a letter, from a village within a short distance of Bug Hollow, to a girl friend of his on the afternoon of the night

of the robbery. He swore positively that this letter was in this same mail-bag, because he had handed it to the carrier himself before he got on his horse, and added, with equal positiveness, that it had never reached its destination. The value or purpose of this last testimony, the non-receipt of the letter, was not clear to me, except upon the theory that the charge of robbery might fail if it could be proved by the defense that no letter was missing.

Bud fastened his eyes on Halliday and smiled as he made this last statement about the undelivered letter, the first smile I had seen across his face, but gave no other sign indicating that Halliday's testimony affected his chances in any way.

Then followed the usual bad-character witnesses—both friends of Halliday, I could see; two this time—one charging Bud with all the crimes in the decalogue and the other, under the lead of the prosecutor, launching forth into an account of a turkey shoot in which Bud had wrongfully claimed the turkey—an account which was at last cut short by the judge in the midst of its most interesting part, as having no particular bearing on the case.

Up to this time no one had appeared for the accused, nor had any objection been made to any part of the testimony except by the judge. Neither had any one of the prosecutor's witnesses been asked a single question in rebuttal.

With the resting of the government's case a dead silence fell upon the room.

The judge waited a few moments, the tap of his lead-pencil sounding through the stillness, and then asked if the attorney for the defence was ready.

No one answered. Again the judge put the question, this time with some impatience.

Then he addressed the prisoner.

"Is your lawyer present?"

Bud bent forward in his chair, put his hands on his knees and answered slowly, without a tremor in his voice:

"I ain't got none. One come yesterday to the jail, but he didn't like what I tol' him and he ain't showed up since."

A spectator sitting by the door, between an old man and a young girl, both evidently from the mountains, rose to his feet and walked briskly to the open space before the

judge. He had sharp, restless eyes, wore gloves and carried a silk hat in one hand.

"In the absence of the prisoner's counsel, your honor," he said, "I am willing to go on with this case. I was here when it opened and have heard all the testimony. I have also conferred with some of the witnesses for the defence."

"Did I not appoint counsel in this case yesterday?" said the judge, turning to the clerk.

There was a hurried conference between the two, the judge listening wearily, cupping his ear with his hand and the clerk rising on his toes so that he could reach his honor's hearing the easier.

"It seems," said the judge, resuming his position, and addressing the room at large, "that the counsel already appointed has been called out of town on urgent business. If the prisoner has no objection, and if you, sir—" looking straight at the would-be attorney—"have heard all the testimony so far offered, the court sees no objection to your acting in his place."

The deputy on the right side of the prisoner leaned over, whispered something to Tilden, who stared at the judge and shook his head. It was evident that Bud had no objection to this nor to anything else, for that matter. Of all the men in the room he seemed the least interested.

I turned in my seat and touched the arm of my neighbor.

"Who is that man who wants to go on with the case?"

"Oh, that's Bill Cartwright, one of the cheap, shyster lawyers always hanging around here looking for a job. His boast is he never lost a suit. Guess the other fellow skipped because he thought he had a better scoop somewhere else. These poor devils from the mountains never have any money to pay a lawyer. Court appoints 'em."

With the appointment of the prisoner's attorney the crowd in the court-room craned their necks in closer attention, one man standing on his chair for a better view until a deputy ordered him down. They knew what the charge was. It was the defence they all wanted to hear. That had been the topic of conversation around the tavern stoves of Bug Hollow for months past.

Cartwright began by asking that the

mail-carrier be recalled. The little man again took the stand.

The methods of these police-court lawyers always interest me. They are gamblers in evidence, most of them. They take their chances as the cases go on; some of them know the jury—one or two is enough; some are learned in the law—more learned, often, than the prosecutor, who is a government appointee with political backers, and now and then one of them knows the judge, who is also a political appointee and occasionally has his party to care for. All are valuable in an election, and a few of them are honest. This one, my neighbor told me, had held office as a police justice and was a leader in his district.

Cartwright drew his gloves carefully from his hands, laid his silk hat on a chair, dropped into it a package of legal papers tied with a red string, and, adjusting his glasses, fixed his eyes on the mail-carrier. The expression on his face was bland and seductive.

"At what hour do you say the attempted robbery took place, Mr. Bowditch?"

"About eleven o'clock."

"Did you have a watch?"

"No."

"How do you know, then?" The question was asked in a mild way as if he intended to help the carrier's memory.

"I don't know exactly; it may have been half past ten or eleven."

"You, of course, saw the man's face?"

"No."

"Then you heard him speak?" Same tone as if trying his best to encourage the witness in his statements.

"No." This was said with some positiveness. The mail-carrier evidently intended to tell the truth.

Cartwright turned quickly with a snarl like that of a dog suddenly goaded into a fight.

"How can you swear, then, that the prisoner made the assault?"

The little man changed color and stammered out in excuse:

"He was as big as him, anyway, and there ain't no other like him nowhere in them parts."

"Oh, he was as *big* as him, was he?" This retort came with undisguised contempt. "And there are no others like him,

eh? Do you know *everybody* in Bell County, Mr. Bowditch?"

The mail-carrier did not answer.

Cartwright waited until the discomfiture of the witness could be felt by the jury, dismissed him with a wave of his hand, and, looking over the room, beckoned to an old man seated by a girl—the same couple he had been talking to before his appointment by the court—and said in a loud voice:

"Will Mr. Perkins Tilden take the stand?"

At the mention of his father's name Bud, who had maintained throughout his indifferent attitude, straightened himself erect in his chair with so quick a movement that the deputy edged a foot nearer and instinctively slid his hand to his hip pocket.

A lean, cavaderous, painfully thin old man in answer to his name rose to his feet and edged his way through the crowd to the witness chair. He was an inch taller than his son, though only half his weight, and was dressed in a suit of cheap cloth of the fashion of long ago, the coat too small for him, even for his shrunken shoulders, and the sleeves reaching only to his wrists. As he took his seat, drawing in his long legs toward his chair, his knee-bones, under the strain, seemed to be on the point of coming through his trousers. His shoulders were bowed, the curve of his thin stomach following the line of his back. As he settled back in his chair he passed his hand nervously over his mouth, as if his lips were dry.

Cartwright's manner to this witness was the manner of a lackey who hangs on every syllable that falls from his master's lips.

"At what time, Mr. Tilden, did your son Bud reach your house on the night of the robbery?"

The old man cleared his throat and said, as if weighing each word:

"At ten minutes past ten o'clock."

"How do you fix the time?"

"I had just wound the clock when Bud come in."

"Now, Mr. Tilden, how far is it to the crossroads where the mail-carrier says he was robbed?"

"About a mile and half from my place."

"And how long would it take an able-bodied man to walk it?"

"'Bout fifteen minutes."

"Not more?"

"No, sir."

The government's attorney had no questions to ask, and said so with a certain assumed nonchalance.

Cartwright bowed smilingly; dismissed Bud's father with a satisfied gesture of the hand, looked over the court-room with the air of a man who was unable at the moment to find what he wanted, and in a low voice called: "Jennetta Moore!"

The girl, who sat within three feet of Cartwright, having followed the old man almost to the witness stand, rose timidly, drew her shawl closer about her shoulders and took the seat vacated by Bud's father. She had that half-fed look in her face which one sometimes finds in the women of the mountain districts. She was frightened and very pale. As she pushed her poke bonnet back from her ears her unkempt brown hair fell about her neck.

Bud Tilden, at mention of her name, half started from his chair and would have risen to his feet had not the officer laid his hand upon him. He seemed on the point of making some protest which the action of the officer alone restrained.

Cartwright, after the oath had been administered, began in a voice so low that the jury stretched their necks to listen:

"Miss Moore, do you know the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir, I know Bud." She had one end of the shawl between her fingers and was twisting it aimlessly. Every eye in the room was fastened upon her.

"How long have you known him?"

There was a pause, and then she said in a faint voice:

"Ever since he and me growed up."

"Ever since you and he grew up, eh?" This repetition was in a loud voice, so that any jurymen dull of hearing might catch it.

"Was he at your house on the night of the robbery?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what time?"

"'Bout ten o'clock." This was again repeated.

"How long did he stay?"

"Not more'n ten minutes."

"Where did he go then?"

"He said he was goin' home."

"How far is it to his home from your house?"

"Bout ten minutes' walk."

"That will do, Miss Moore," said Cartwright, and took his seat.

The government prosecutor, who had sat with shoulders hunched up, his wings pulled in, rose to his feet with the aid of a chair-back, stretched his long arms above his head, and then, lowering one hand level with the girl's face, said, as he thrust one sharp, skinny finger toward her:

"Did anybody else come to see you the next night after the robbery?"

There was a pause, during which Cartwright busied himself with his papers. One of his methods was never to seem interested in the cross-examination of any one of his witnesses.

The girl's face flushed, and she began to fumble the shawl nervously with her fingers.

"Yes, Hank Halliday," she murmured in a low voice.

"Mr. Halliday, who has testified here?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he want?"

"He wanted to know if I'd got a letter he'd writ me day before. And I tol' him I hadn't. Then he 'lowed he'd a-brought it to me himself if he'd known Bud was goin' to turn thief and hold up the mail man. I hadn't heard nothin' 'bout it and nobody else had till he began to talk. I opened the door then and tol' him to walk out; that I wouldn't hear nobody speak that way 'bout Bud Tilden. That was 'fore they'd 'rested Bud."

"Have you got that letter now?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever get it?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever see it?"

"No, and I don't think it was ever writ."

"But he *has* written you letters before?"

"He used to; he don't now."

"That will do."

The girl took her place again behind the old man.

Cartwright rose to his feet with great dignity, walked to the chair on which rested his hat, took from it the package of papers to serve as an orator's roll—he did not open it, and they evidently had no bearing on the case—and addressed the

judge, the package held aloft in his hand:

"Your honor, there's not been a particle of evidence so far produced in this court to convict this man of this crime. I have not conferred with him, and therefore do not know what answers he has to make to this infamous charge. I am convinced, however, that his own statement under oath will clear up at once any doubt remaining in the minds of this honorable jury of his innocence."

This was said with a certain ill-concealed triumph in his voice. I saw now why he had taken the case, and saw, too, the drift of his defence—everything thus far pointed to the old hackneyed plea of an alibi. He had evidently determined on this course of action when he sat listening to the stories Bud's father and the girl had told him as he sat beside them on the bench near the door. Their testimony, taken in connection with the uncertain testimony of the government's principal witness, the mail-carrier, as to the exact time of the assault, together with the prisoner's expected testimony stoutly denying the crime, would insure either an acquittal or a disagreement. The first would result in his fees being paid by the court, the second would add to this amount whatever Bud's friends could scrape together to induce him to go on with the second trial. In either case his masterly defence was good for an additional number of clients and perhaps—of votes. It is humiliating to think that any successor of Choate, Webster or Evarts should earn his bread in this way, but it is true all the same.

"The prisoner will take the stand!" cried Cartwright in a firm voice.

As the words left his mouth, the noise of shuffling feet and the shifting of positions for a better view of the prisoner became so loud that the judge rapped for order, the clerk repeating it with the end of his ruler.

Bud lifted himself to his feet slowly (his being called was evidently as much of a surprise to him as it was to the crowded room), looked about him carelessly, his glance resting first on the girl's face and then on the deputy beside him. He stepped clumsily down from the raised platform and shouldered his way to the witness-chair. The prosecuting attorney had evidently



Drawn by A. I. Keller. "I THREW HIM IN THE BUSHES . . . AND GOT THE LETTER."

been amazed at the flank movement of his opponent, for he moved his position so he could look squarely in Bud's face. As the prisoner sank into his seat, the room became hushed in silence.

Bud kissed the book mechanically, hooked his feet together and, clasping his big hands across his waist-line, settled his great body between the arms of the chair, with his chin resting on his shirt-front. Cartwright in his most impressive manner stepped a foot closer to Bud's chair.

"Mr. Tilden, you have heard the testimony of the mail-carrier; now be good enough to tell the jury where you were on the night of the robbery—how many miles from this *mail-sack*?" and he waved his hand contemptuously towards the bag. It was probably the first time in all his life that Bud had heard any man dignify his personality with any such title.

In recognition of the compliment, Bud raised his chin slightly and fixed his eyes more intently on his questioner. Up to this time he had not taken the slightest notice of him.

"'Bout as close's I could git to it—'bout three feet, I should say—maybe less."

Cartwright gave a slight start and bit his lip. Evidently the prisoner had misunderstood him. The silence continued.

"I don't mean *here*, Mr. Tilden;" and he pointed to the bag. "I mean the night of the so-called robbery."

"That's what I said; 'bout as close's I could git."

"Well, did y rob the mail?" This was asked uneasily, but with a half-concealed laugh in his voice as if the joke would appear in a minute.

"No."

"No, of course not." The tone of relief was apparent.

"Well, do you know anything about the cutting of the bag?"

"Yes."

"Who did it?"

"Me."

"*You!*" The surprise now was an angry one.

"Yes, me."

At this unexpected reply the judge pushed his glasses high up on his forehead with a quick motion and leaned over his

bench, his eyes on the prisoner. The jury looked at each other with amazement; such scenes were rare in their experience. The prosecuting attorney smiled grimly. Cartwright looked as if some one had struck him a sudden blow in the face.

"What for?" he stammered. It was evidently the only question left for him to ask. All his self-control was gone now, his face livid, an angry look in his eyes. That any man with state's prison yawning before him could make such a fool of himself seemed to astound him.

Bud turned slowly and, pointing his finger at Halliday, said between his closed teeth:

"Ask Hank Halliday; he knows."

The buzzard sprang to his feet. There was the scent of carrion in the air now; I saw it in his eyes.

"We don't want to ask Mr. Halliday; we want to ask you. Mr. Halliday is not on trial, and we want the truth if you can tell it."

The irregularity of the proceeding was unnoticed in the tense excitement.

Bud looked at him as a big mastiff looks at a snarling cur with a look more of pity than contempt. Then he said slowly, accentuating each word:

"Keep yer shirt on. You'll git the truth—git the whole of it. Git what you ain't lookin' for. There ain't no liars up in our mountains 'cept them skunks in gov'ment pay you fellers send up to us, and things like Hank Halliday. He's wuss nor any skunk. A skunk's a varmint that don't stink tell ye meddle with him, but Hank Halliday stinks all the time. He's one o' them fellers that goes 'round with books in their pockets with picters in 'em that no girl oughter see and no white man oughter read. He gits 'em down to Louisville. There ain't a man in Pondville won't tell ye it's true. He shoved one in my outside pocket over to Pondville when I warn't lookin', the day 'fore I held up this man Bowditch, and went and told the fellers 'round the tavern that I had it. They come and pulled it out and had the laugh on me, and then he began to talk and said he'd write Jennetta and send her one o' the picters by mail and tell her he'd got it out o' my coat, and he did. Sam Kellers seen Halliday with the letter and

told me after Bowditch had got it in his bag. I layed for Bowditch at Pondville Corners, but he got past somehow, and I struck in behind Bill Somers' mill, and crossed the mountain, and caught up with him as he was ridin' through the piece o' woods near the clearin'. I didn't know but he'd try to shoot, and I didn't want to hurt him, so I crep' up behind and threw him in the bushes, cut a hole in the bag, and got the letter. That's the only one I wanted and that's the only one I took. I didn't rob no mail, but I warn't goin' to hev an honest, decent girl like Jennetta git that letter, and there warn't no other way."

The stillness that followed was broken only by the judge's voice.

"What became of that letter?"

"I got it. Want to see it?"

"Yes."

Bud felt in his pockets as if looking for something, and then, with an expression as if he had suddenly remembered, remarked:

"No, I ain't got none. They stole my knife when they 'rested me." Then facing the court-room, he added: "Somebody lend me a knife, and pass me my hat over there 'longside them sheriffs."

The court-crier took the hat from one of the deputies, and the clerk, in answer to a nod of assent from the judge, passed Bud an ink-eraser with a steel blade in one end.

The audience now had the appearance of one watching a juggler perform a trick. Bud grasped the hat in one hand, turned back the brim, inserted the point of the knife between the hat-lining and the hat itself and drew out a yellow envelope stained with dirt and perspiration.

"Here it is. I ain't opened it, and what's more, they didn't find it when they searched me;" and he looked again toward the deputies

The judge leaned forward in his seat and said:

"Hand me the letter."

The letter was passed up by the court-crier, every eye following it. His honor examined the envelope, and, beckoning to Halliday, said:

"Is this your letter?"

Halliday stepped to the side of the judge, fingered the letter closely and said, "Looks like my writin'."

"Open it and see."

Halliday broke the seal with his thumbnail, and took out half a sheet of note paper closely written on one side, wrapped about a small picture-card.

"Yes, it's my letter;" and he glanced sheepishly around the room and hung his head, his face scarlet.

The judge leaned back in his chair, raised his hand impressively, and said gravely:

"This case is adjourned until ten o'clock to-morrow."

Two days later I again met the warden as he was entering the main door of the jail. He had been over to the court-house, he said, helping the deputy along with a new "batch of moonshiners."

"What became of Bud Tilden?" I asked.

"Oh, he got it in the neck for robbin' the mails, just 's I told you he would. Peached on himself like a d—— fool and give everything dead away. He left for Kansas this morning. Judge give him twenty years."

He is still in the lock-step at Leavenworth prison. He has kept it up now for two years. His hair is short, his figure bent, his step sluggish. The law is slowly making an animal of him—that wise, righteous law which is no respecter of persons.



WOMEN AS COLLEGE PRESIDENTS.

BY LAVINIA HART.

IN discussing the fitness of women for the college presidency, it is necessary to take under consideration two problems:

First. What does the university require of its president? and

Second. Is woman as well equipped with those qualifications as man?

Since the foundation of the college in America there have been three distinctly different types of college president: the clerical, the scholastic and the executive.

The clerical began with Dunston of Harvard and lasted for a century. In this period the names of Increase Mather, Eliphalet Nott and Timothy Dwight stand out pre-eminently, as the highest development of the clergyman type, which type was largely due to the likeness in the ultimate aim of the college to that of the church: The moulding and strengthening of character and the advancement of culture.

The scholastic president came with the state institution. Indeed, one of the indirect purposes of the state college was to do away with sectarianism in the schools. The men who were the most brilliant scholars and successful presidents during this period were also clergymen, but the clerical element in them was secondary and not a requisite. They were primarily scholars. Of these, Woolsey of Yale, Mark Hopkins of Williams, Seelye of Amherst and McCosh of Princeton did such splendid and forceful work that it makes us regret

the passing of the scholar from the executive. The evolution was inevitable. With the growth of the college from an institution of several hundred to several thousand students, with an increase in its endowments from modest gifts of thousands to magnificent gifts of millions, with the enlargement of its direct influence upon communities and its indirect influence upon social and political affairs, the office of president, of a necessity, became primarily that of exec-
utor, financier, administrator of trust funds; and secondarily almost every-
thing it is worth while for a man to be, whether he is to figure in the world at large as a social force or within college walls as a purely scholas-
tic one.

The qualifi-
cations neces-
sary for the
successful col-
lege president
of to-day are
virtually
boundless. It
is not written
that he shall

be a clergyman, but he must be a man of Christian principle and high moral character. The atmosphere of the college is regulated by the man at its head and the faculty he gathers about him. The future leaders of the nation, in social and political economy, in thought and purpose and action, are developing in that atmosphere. How they develop and how far they develop will depend in great measure upon the living model who is installed as their leader.

Theoretically, scholarship is not an essential of the executive college president.



MRS. AGASSIZ OF RADCLIFFE.

Actually, it ranks second in importance to his administrative ability. He need not, perhaps, be an active scholar—the time when a president could attend to his official duties and teach Greek or philosophy or mathematics is past. The duty of the modern college president is to do things, not to teach others to do. But one cannot fully appreciate nor recognize the beauties of scholarship, nor be wholly in sympathy with its direct and indirect means and ends, without having been a scholar one's self. It is not that the college president of to-day requires scholarship for the fulfillment of his official duties, but he does require those mental, moral and ethical characteristics which scholarship is intended to develop. He must be able to weigh human nature according to the standards which mental and moral philosophy have engendered in him. He must be able to understand men, their methods and motives; and, understanding, he must have the tact and capacity for dealing with them. The professors who, through his recommendation, constitute the faculty board, must be fitted to do more than impart knowledge to students by word of rule. They must also instill taste for that knowledge, and by the subtle means of



MISS LAURA D. GILL OF BARNARD.

confidence and character teach its application to the broadest possible uses. To secure such a faculty as this means the strengthening of the foundation and the enlargement of the building of the educational institution. The possession of sufficient insight to secure it means the possession of sympathy with it, and this sympathy means unity, which is strength. The college which is interiorly divided against itself, in any of its parts, presents a weak front and loses prestige.

To create harmony, therefore, and avoid conflict is one of the first uses for the college president's applied higher education. The board, or faculty, is not the only pitfall. There are the students themselves, who are best ruled without rule. Self-government prevails in nearly all the large colleges, with the result of law and order. But law and order are something less than harmony. Harmony comes of confidence and sympathy and mutual understanding. Every college president of the past or present who has achieved big results has been the friend and sympathizer of his students. That conservatism which is cold and aloof never won for the president of a college one moment's genuine respect. The successful college president has a warm



MISS WOOLLEY OF MT. HOLYOKE.

and vital interest in the sports, studies, fraternities and accomplishments of the youth around him. Probably no college president has ever been more loved, more revered or more tenderly remembered than McCosh of Princeton, whose attitude is summed up in his designation of the students as "my boys." This spirit of harmony endears an alma mater to the students and puts strength and action into the alumni, which is one of the most vital parts of the college organization. It is a grave mistake for a college to refuse the widest possible confidence and coöperation to its alumni. The graduates are essentially the loyal friends of their alma mater and do much to expand her prestige. From them endowments are most frequently received and their sons and daughters should naturally be a large element in the student-body of the future. So the successful college president must encourage harmonious relations between college and alumni, must keep in touch with the graduates as a body, and be keen with pride for their individual successes. If the creating of such harmony be often fraught with difficulty, it likewise has its compensations. For after all, the alumni is, in many senses, the bridge between the college and the outside world, which suggests another field for the president's power of tact and conciliation. The public and the presidents of colleges have frequent misunderstandings, which are not infrequently widened by the press. This friction may be created by the inaccuracy of reporters, by the narrowness of the public's conceptions, or by the incompleteness of the college president's published views and processes of reasoning by which he reaches them. Being learned, and living in an atmosphere of learning, he is apt to forget that the majority of the reading public cannot follow the mental steps which lead

to the stated conclusions. The college president may also be considerable of an autocrat in his own domain, and it requires an almost feminine tact and versatility for him to get down to the democratic level necessary in appealing successfully to the American public. And after he has become a democrat, and after he has made himself and his reasonings clear, he is still bound to offend some part of his constituency if he discuss any of the social, political or religious controversies of the day. In which instance a certain amount of prestige is lost and students and endowments turned toward some other institution.

There is another field wherein the president's need to understand human nature and deal tactfully with it is paramount. That is in the board of trustees. This board varies in size from seven members to one hundred, according to the charter of the college. Its members usually represent the best commercial and professional interests of the community.

It is in dealing with this board that the rare combination of scholar and executor has full play for its powers. The college president must be financier and diplomat before this board. He must know a good investment from a bad one.

He must press the claims of the good one without antagonizing its opponents and lay hold of the flaws in the bad one with vigorous disapproval, yet with a delicacy of touch that makes none feel it. He must know the needs of every department in the college and convince men who probably never experimented in laboratories or profited by research that vast amounts of money are justifiably required for these objects. He must suggest the best possible means for investing money, using money and getting money. Since the incoming of the executive president, the getting of



MISS HAZARD OF WELLESLEY.

money has come to be one of the standards of his worth. People are loath to make endowments to colleges whose investments turn out badly and whose real estate values are always on the decrease. Able financial management of a college inspires faith in all its departments. President Eliot, elected to the presidency of Harvard in 1869, was the first college president of the executive type. He is still first in divers ways. During his administration the quick assets of the college have increased more than ten million dollars. The University of Chicago has averaged an annual increase of one million dollars for the past ten years.

In the reports of the National Bureau of Education of the United States we find that an aggregate capital of one hundred and fifty million dollars is invested for the support of the four hundred colleges reporting to the Bureau, and these reports show a further valuation of one hundred and sixty million dollars, covering buildings, grounds and apparatus. These enormous figures prove the need for the executive head in the college presidency. They also prove the cause for failure during the past thirty years of several most brilliant scholars who have tried the college presidency and have gone back to their professorships.

The present era, unfortunately for the width and breadth of men, is one of specialties.

The scholar makes his choice and pushes it to an abnormal degree of development. The rest of him suffers in consequence. With the introduction of the free elective system, this dwarfing process is begun even earlier than heretofore. As a result we are cultivating an army of scholars who are scholars only along the

line of their one specialty, who lack broadness of view for the specialties outside their own and who miss, by reason of the limits of their training, the poise, the balance, the sense of proportion, which characterize the true scholar.

Hence the scarcity of the ideal college president to-day. Hence the failures among those men who, above all others, should have been fitted for presidential success. And hence the continuous vacancies of never less than a dozen presidencies on the list of colleges throughout the country.

The fact is that men of marked executive ability, preferably scholars, with high moral character, sufficient force and fearlessness to be leaders, sufficient tact and sympathy to inspire confidence, sufficient vital, healthful personality to be an inspiration and sufficient of the broad, unprejudiced, cultivated view to judge, and pick and influence human nature,—the fact is, such men are rare.

Which leads us to our second consideration:

Are women as well or better equipped with these qualifications—if at all?

Perhaps the best answer to this question—because it eliminates the element of speculation—is the work accomplished by Miss M. Carey Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr. That Miss Thomas is an executive of rare ability is attested to by the flourishing condition of the college, which is seventeen years old, has splendidly invested productive funds of more than one million dollars, and grounds, buildings and equipments to the value of another million. Miss Thomas is also a scholar who knows and appreciates the value of scholarship, for she fought against great odds to attain her own. When Cornell was first thrown



MISS THOMAS OF BRYN MAWR.

open to women, she was seventeen years old. She qualified and took the course, securing the degree of B.A. and returned to Baltimore to study Greek under Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins. As that university was not open to women, however, she was not allowed class instruction, and after one year's private study she went to Leipsic, studying in that famous university Greek, English, Old French and the Teutonic languages. After finishing the three-years' course she proceeded to the university at Zurich, where she took her degree with the highest honors, the summa cum laude. It was the first time the degree had ever been conferred upon a woman. After taking a Ph.D. at this university she entered at the Sorbonne and the University of Paris for the further study of Old French. In 1884, after six years of brilliant scholarship, she returned to America. Greater than the honors, however, and greater than the degrees she brought with her, was the character which the discipline of her studies developed. Miss Thomas had been home only several months when the trustees of Bryn Mawr elected her dean of the faculty and requested her to coöperate with the newly elected president, Dr. James E. Rhoads, for the making of necessary plans. Miss Thomas had the advantage of her European experiences. She also visited the colleges of this country and studied their organization and methods of work. As a result, the courses at Bryn Mawr College were organized on a "group system," combining certain required and elective studies. It is interesting to note that several years later the Johns Hopkins University adopted the plan of Bryn Mawr and also applied the name of "group system" to these courses.

As dean of the faculty Miss Thomas was a power at Bryn Mawr. When, in 1893, President Rhoads resigned on account of failing health, the board of trustees unanimously elected Miss Thomas to the presidency.

In the nine years of her service, Miss Thomas has demonstrated what it may be possible for her sex to accomplish when the obstacles in the way of broadest development and opportunity are removed. While the acquiring of the education which she sought so earnestly could not instil in

her the poise, the judgment, the energy, the courage, the insight and progressiveness, nor her capacity for deep and logical thinking and for inspiring sympathy and faith in her fellows, what the discipline of those years of study did do was to enlarge and enrich these qualities until they were sufficiently developed to be of service to mankind.

It is not argued that a similar course would develop similar character in all women. For the sake of men, who have long had the advantages of these opportunities without creating a mental or moral revolution, such a result would be deplorable.

Miss Thomas is, of course, an extraordinary woman. So is President Eliot an extraordinary man. He is not the only extraordinary man of his age, however. Neither is Miss Thomas the only woman of her type. The world is full of extraordinary women. Some of them never get above the dish-pan, but they are sure to find the best and speediest means for cleaning the dishes. There are women employed as forewomen, and managers, and heads of business concerns who with the merest rudimentary education, have met with marvelous success. There are also women, and their name is legion, who are employed in one of the most difficult of all executive positions: as mothers of families and managers of households. If the woman who successfully attends to the innumerable and varied details that pertain to a systematic and well-ordered house-keeping establishment be not justified in her claim for executive ability, there is no method by which she may qualify.

Nor is the executive ability therein evinced limited to her capacity for judiciously and economically investing the family funds.

By nature and by necessity she has proved herself peculiarly well-equipped in the ways and means for getting money, which is conceded to be one of the main virtues of the executive college president.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that, if women can successfully cope with the practical, spiritual, social and economic problems in the home, often embarrassed by lack of funds or compelled to do the actual labor as well as the thinking, she may with

proper training develop a real genius for executive ability? Not infrequently her methods for swelling the church's funds, or clearing it of debt, or paying off its mortgage, have bordered on genius. On the boards of education in most of the large cities women have served efficiently. When Lord George Hamilton, the late chairman of the school-board of London, left that body, he said in a public speech: "As this is the first time I have had the pleasure of being associated with ladies in an administrative capacity, I should like to say that there is no part of the work of the board which is more efficiently performed, where authority is better maintained and where the amount of work done in the time consumed is greater than on those committees on which the ladies serve."

In almost every state in the Union the concensus of opinion from state boards of education has been that the appointment of women on the school-boards has led to enhanced moral character of teacher and pupil, improved physical comfort and welfare, better sanitation, ventilation and discipline and a more economical expenditure of the public funds, while acquiring practically better results.

These effects stand for many things. They mean high moral character, with sufficient force behind it to make its influence felt; courage, thoroughness, patience and conscientious attention to details. They mean one thing more, which is vital: a natural aptitude for educational work. Much has been said—too much, in view of the unequal opportunities for development—about the comparative qualities of the male and female minds. The problem of whether the gray matter of the female mind may or may not be inferior in quality to that of the male mind seems scarcely ripe for discussion. Opportunity for the higher mental development was not given to woman until thirty years ago. The State University of Michigan was the first institution of true college grade to open its doors to her. That was in 1870. Cornell followed in 1872, being the first private college to become co-educational. Other colleges in this class have followed slowly. There was an interim of eleven years before the next move was made by

the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The ultra conservatism was due to the fear that co-education would lower the standard of scholarship on account of the supposed inferior quality of women's minds. Experience in co-educational colleges has proven, however, that the average standing of women is somewhat higher than that of men. Several years ago the University of Wisconsin made an investigation, and found that women ranked in scholarship considerably beyond the men. President Angell of the University of Michigan has repeatedly laid stress upon their excellent scholarship. When, in 1893-94 a committee of the faculty of the University of Virginia made inquiries in regard to this point from a number of co-educational colleges, the testimony received was remarkably in favor of the women students. In England the success of women in collegiate studies has been established beyond a doubt by the published class lists of the competitive honor examinations at Oxford and Cambridge.

The avidity with which women have taken advantage of the opportunities offered is a proof of their appetite for advanced learning. In the co-educational colleges the increase of women students is relatively greater than the increase of men. In 1890 there were studying in co-educational colleges sixteen thousand nine hundred and fifty-nine men and seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine women, thirty-one and nine-tenths per cent. of the students being women. In 1898 women in these colleges formed thirty-six and one-tenth per cent. Between 1890 and 1898 men in educational colleges increased seventy per cent., but women increased one hundred and five and four-tenths per cent. If this rate is maintained, women in the future will outnumber the men in colleges and universities. In the collegiate department of the University of Chicago they are already in the majority. There can be little doubt, judging from the present outlook, that the future women of the leisure class will attend college as generally as the men of that class do now. Already girls form fifty-six and five-tenths per cent. of the pupils in all secondary schools and thirteen per cent. of the girls, against ten per cent. of the boys enrolled, are

graduated from the public high schools.

The fact that women excel as teachers proves that they do more than master their studies: they also retain them, and are peculiarly gifted in the power to apply their knowledge and impart it to others. Judging by the present ratio of increase, the very immediate future will see all the elementary and secondary teaching of the country in their hands. Already women have entered the field of college professorship and held their own. The broader and more general development of the future is bound to break down every barrier of prejudice that now makes impossible competition with men for university professorships.

The question of the health of women must surely be regarded as settled, in view of the test of the past three decades, when thousands of men and women have worked side by side in co-educational institutions, with no larger percentage of withdrawals on the part of women than of the men. Indeed, the health of the college-bred girl over that of her non-college-bred sister is recognized everywhere as superior.

In considering women as applicants for professorships and college presidencies, however, the plea of maternity will undoubtedly be argued in their disfavor. As none but unmarried women has ever served or would probably ever care to serve these causes, the argument is irrelevant. Miss Alice Freeman, the first president of Wellesley College, was for seven years a power in that institution. The fact that she subsequently married in no way weakened the good she did while there, nor did it detract from the purity and permanency of the imprint left on the college whose character was then forming.

Miss Hazard, the fourth and latest president of Wellesley, is another type of feminine genius, who, with splendidly developed mental powers and rare executive ability, is one of the most womanly of women, with all those qualities of sympathy, tact, energy and versatility which that term implies. That Miss Hazard will some day marry is ardently to be hoped. The sons and daughters of such a woman would be leaders among men. This possibility, however, in no way interferes with the present splendid management of Wellesley College.

Nor is Miss Woolley's administration at Mount Holyoke in any way impaired by threatened matrimony. Indeed, Mount Holyoke has about it an air of thrift and a spirit of unity which say much for the executive ability of women.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cary Agassiz, as the wife of Professor Louis Agassiz, was much in sympathy with the young woman students of the Harvard "Annex," and it was due in large measure to her efforts that that modest bud has blossomed into Radcliffe College. She is now its president, but the active direction of the institution would make too exigent a call on her energies, and that labor has devolved on the shoulders of the dean, Miss Irwin.

Barnard College has no president, formally so titled, the duties of the office being performed by the dean, who is answerable for her conduct of the institution to the board of trustees alone. Miss Emily J. Smith, now Mrs. George Haven Putnam, was the first dean of Barnard, and she was succeeded in 1900 by Miss Laura D. Gill, who, with the presidents of Wellesley, Bryn Mawr and Mount Holyoke and Dean Irwin of Radcliffe, made up the quintet of women admitted to full standing as college presidents at the recent bi-centenary celebration of Yale. Dean Gill has admirably maintained the high standing of Barnard College and has demonstrated the woman college president's ability as a money-getter by the notable increase in its endowment during her administration.

These officers, however, are without exception in female colleges. The university of the future is essentially co-educational, because of the balancing good due to association of the sexes, the good derived from competition and the problem of economy, which must of necessity be a large factor in the vast university systems of the future.

With the enormous increase of both men and women students, and the consequent necessary increase in the numbers of universities, will come an increased demand for capable college presidents. Will our hereditary prejudices, which are fast crumbling beneath the weight of evidence piled up by woman, demonstrative of her mental, moral, physical and executive powers, be wiped out with such entirety

that women will compete with men for the future college presidency?

Are we too sanguine in supposing that the higher education will develop the broad view and broadened capabilities; that under its influence woman's tact will develop to the proportion of poise, her natural instinct to a wide knowledge of human nature, her aptitude for domestic economies into a taste and talent for economics social and political, until the extraordinary woman of to-day shall be the ordinary woman of the future?

The purpose of the university is the highest that man can conceive. Directly and indirectly it aims for the permanent purification, uplifting and enlightenment of national and individual life.

According as the best minds and purest lives are placed at the heads of these institutions shall their purpose be fulfilled.

If such minds and such lives are to be embodied in the women of the future, shall the prejudice of a narrower age deny the beneficence of their influence to society and the state?

A PIPE OF OATEN STRAW.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

WHEN south winds smelt of earth and brooks ran clear,
I made a little pipe of oaten straw,
From which of old the shepherd lads could draw—
Each on the greensward laid, his love a-near—
Such strains as voiced the blithe, young-hearted year,
Till down the greenwood aisles the piper saw
Small, shy wood-creatures, hushed of wing and paw,
All rapt and still to give his piping ear.

Perchance he heard Pan pipe the reeds among,
Or his blown breath along the fluted pines,
Or lilting choruses by gleaners sung
Wine-red and merry in the Tuscan vines,
Or Satyr's lyre that charmed a shy wood-maid,
And mixed their music with the airs he played.

Perchance no loftier themes the shepherd knew
Than pewits calling the young world awake,
Or tranquil music such as hylæ make
When jewel-weeds drip all with starry dew,
Or cry of weanling lamb and travailing ewe,
Or rattling reeds that in the wind do quake,
Or wild untutored melodies that break
Across the piper's fancy while he blew.

But thin as summer rill the music flowed,
Not over-loud, and sweet, and crystal clear,
And all his thought unto his true love showed,—
Ah! if a listening heart down bent to hear,
Such skill were mine, compelling notes to draw
From this my little pipe of oaten straw.

The Trouble Woman

BY CLARA MORRIS.



UNDoubtedly I was a little person, so I dared not ask a question when, in the gloaming, I heard the grown-ups telling strange tales about the person whom they always called the Trouble Woman. Therefore, not daring to ask anything about her, I grew to fear her, and would stare into the gathering darkness to see if her old gray mare might be bringing her to us—quite forgetting that she only appeared when trouble or mishap had preceded her.

It was silly, too, to be afraid of one who did only good; but then while she nursed the sick or prepared the dead for burial, she never spoke one word, they said, unless compelled to—though she had for years one set speech to every afflicted person in the settlement: "Humph! do you call that trouble?—well, I don't!" And that sentence got upon my nerves. I used to wonder what she *did* call trouble. And then one day, when they were right in the midst of haying, my boy-cousin fell from the hay-loft and there was wild confusion. One of the men took a horse from the wagon, and, without removing his harness, galloped off, tying up the traces as he rode to the village for the doctor.

Cousin lay on the outside of the bed—very white, and I remember how surprised I was to see he could be quiet. Now and then he pinched his lips tight to-

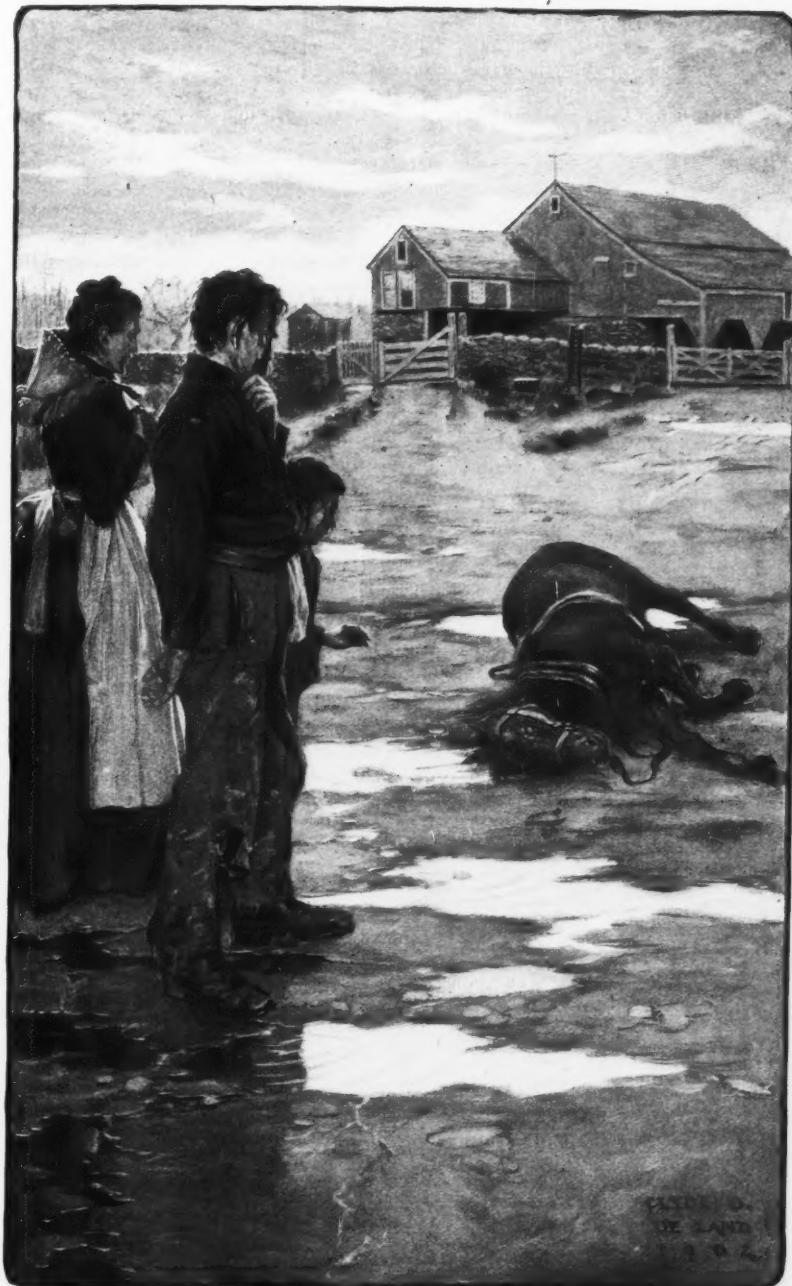
gether, and then big drops of sweat stood upon his brow and on his upper lip. The room smelled of camphor, and my eyes were fastened on his arm that lay in such a strange position.

Then the doctor was there and was cutting the clothing from cousin's arm and shoulder. He was hurrying in his work because the light was going fast, and he was saying, "Yes—it's hard on you, Mrs. G—, just at your busiest time, to have a broken-armed boy to nurse—" and just then the whip-poor-will began to call, and from far away down the road there came the sound of the flip-flop, flip-flop of a lame horse.

The doctor looked across the bed at aunt and said, "Here she comes!" and aunt replied, "Then she must have been in the village to have heard of this so soon," and I slipped out of the house to the garden, for I knew that the Trouble Woman was coming.

It was a queer-looking turn-out that soon appeared. The wheels of the shaky old buggy were so dry the spokes rattled in the hubs like dice in a box. But there was nothing shaky about the erect old figure in the black-print sun-bonnet and gown, holding the reins over the flea-bitten gray that came lamely but gamely down the dusty road.

In her stiff, backward descent from the



buggy she was unconsciously generous in her display of white stocking-leg, but being down, she carefully and most decorously arranged the hang of her five-breadth-wide skirt before she began to unbuckle the harness and get gray Mag out of the shafts. At that point one of the haying hands came forward and took the horse from her and led it toward the big barn and she, with her sun-bonnet pushed back that she might see the better, came up the straight short walk toward the house. In the dusk she loomed up tall and gaunt. Her face was leathery-brown, and the word "wrinkle" does not even faintly indicate the furrows deeply plowed there by time and trouble. She tried to wear her hair in smooth bands, but it waved crisply and each separate hair that escaped from restraining pin or comb resolved itself into a small, tight curl, and in that gray frizziness there was just a touch of the uncanny, a suggestion of pointed hood and broomstick. But her wide-pupiled hazel eyes were sad—unspeakably! Oh, sad as the eyes of the dumb brute that perisheth. She halted before me—she laid her work-hardened hand upon my head and tipped it back, that she might see the newcomer's face clearly. Two night-birds almost touched her head in their low, circling flight. She felt the nervous start I gave, and her lips took a sudden, wry, upward twist to the right that threw her features all askew.

At that moment my uncle came to the door and called: "Come right in, Mrs. Breene—come right in! Mac has broken his arm and wife's frightened out of her wits—and we're in dreadful trouble!"

And the woman answered in the drawing tones of the southwest: "Humph! do you call that trouble? I don't!" and slowly entered the house, where for days she nursed and cooked and waited on the "hands" and did the work of three women, and never spoke one word save to answer "yes" or "no" to a direct question.

When leaving she had beside her a small bag of white flour (a rare thing in the ménage of a meal-eating cabin-dweller), a jar of some acid preserves, which would make excellent sick drinks, and a very small bottle of the country nurse's panacea

for all ills—*camphire*. And these things she accepted only after she had been convinced of their value in case of sickness elsewhere.

It was not long after her visit to our house before that most frightful disaster in a country place—a fire—occurred near us. The damage was great. The house was entirely destroyed, and the farmer's wife, already an invalid, had been so overcome by terror and exposure that she had suffered a stroke of paralysis—and upon this scene of helplessness and desolation the Trouble Woman looked before the ruin was cold, and looking, only twisted her lips awry and contemptuously asked, "Do you call that trouble?" Then shaking her head, slowly added, "Well, I don't!" She went to work and screened off a corner in the barn and contrived a bed for the helpless one, and became the main-spring that set in motion the checked machinery of the whole farm.

After that things moved on quietly. Summer by the almanac was over, but, judging by our feelings, it was in its prime.

One hot morning uncle had piled us all into the big farm wagon and had taken us off to visit his cousin, whose farm lay several miles away. We remained there three days. On the second morning I was sent with a message to the next farm. They said I could not lose my way—I had but to follow the road, and I was the only one who could be spared, so off I started.

The day was extremely hot. The shade tempted me, and almost directly I was in the deep woods, with only blazed trees to guide me. Though somewhat anxious I was getting along all right, when suddenly the whole wood was vibrating to the heavy rumble of thunder. It was enough! Terror-stricken I stood motionless one moment; then with eyes too affrighted to see blaze or girdle—only conscious of one thought, to escape—I pitched forward like a mad thing, running blindly, giving a gasping cry at every crash and roll; and then through the threatening darkness, swiftly, silently, the Trouble Woman came toward me, and with her came the first blaze of lightning. She did not speak—I could not! I hid my face in her skirts and shook as the very leaves shook.

She took my hand and tried to lead me

forward. I stumbled. She stooped, and, lifting me up, bore me strongly and speedily in her arms, while her swarthy sadness, her grizzled hair, her flapping black garments, made her look like the very Spirit of the Storm.

When she put me down between the fireplace and the spinning-wheel, the heavens opened, the torrent descended, and in all the rocking, thunderous, gray, wet world there seemed only left the Trouble Woman and I.

She laid her hand upon my head and gently smoothed my rumpled, flying hair. The noise of the storm was stupendous! She reached her hand up and took from the narrow mantel-shelf an old pipe and slipped it into her pocket. With one foot she dragged a rush-bottom chair close to her and sat down. Presently she laid one of my plump little hands across her broad left palm and looked at it long, touching now and then the deep dimple at the wrist with her right forefinger and nodding her head as she did so. Staring through the open door before us, I saw the dark gray solid sheet of water changing color. It grew lighter, whiter, then the opaque became almost transparent, the broad sheet of water divided itself into countless lines, falling straight and steadily upon the thirsty earth; and while I looked, with lightning speed across the sodden earth, there wriggled a slender, golden serpent shape of living fire. Its passing was followed by an awful crash, and it in turn by such a splitting, splintering and tearing as even the Trouble Woman could not resist, and she calmly remarked, "Tree's gone!" Then, as if some spell had been removed from her, she went on speaking: "Pore little thing! you 'mind me so of my Mandy. She was little'r than you, but she was like yer across the eyes. Got lost in the woods, didn't yer, honey? You're 'fraid, too, of the storm, and some 'fraid of me, and some too 'fraid you're goin' to ketch a hidin' if you're late gettin' hom'. I suppose you call that trouble—eh, honey? Well, I don't!"

I could not help it—I remember those early admonitions, "to be seen, not heard," "come when called," etc., yet for me the "tables of the law" were shattered. Had all the king's horses and all the king's

men (a very splendid body, though of uncertain numbers) been drawn up in "hollow-square" about me, still I should have recklessly put my one question. But we were alone. She spoke kindly, if sadly. I looked her firmly in the face. I firmly questioned her: "If you please, m'am —what is trouble? Do you know?"

Her lips twisted wryly for a moment, then she said: "Well—yes, honey. If any one knows what trouble is, I reckon I do—I reckon I do!"

She repeated the words as if to herself. She took out her pipe and some tobacco. She filled the pipe and I turned over the hot ashes with a bit of stick and pushed out a live coal. She picked it up with her tough fingers and laid it on the pipe till the tobacco was well lighted. She smoked silently a few moments and looked at me dreamily. The good smell of wet earth and grass was in the room. She drew me to her knees, as she said: "Little Mandy was only a nussing baby when we com' to settle on this claim. There want no road through here; we druv 'round the big trees, and my man chopped away the underbrush and the saplin's to make room for the wagon. When we found a spring we stopped, and we said we'd build right there, so's to be nigh to livin' water. There was my man and me, and the two children—and the hull of us had to live in the old wagon till the logs were cut and ready for the men of the settlement to com' to the raisin'. Honey, I heerd a woman, visitin' out here from the city, say one day last year how she enj'yed roughin' it in the country. Roughin' it here—now? Why, she not only had a roof over her head, but she had a board floor under her feet. I wonder what she meant by roughin' it? Well, we roughed it—shorely. I reckon the hardest part was while the clearin' was goin' on and the children was so little and so hard to take care of. My—my boy—Ned"—her whole brown face quivered as she spoke of him—"my Ned—his real name was Edward. People thought it dreadful fancy. His father's name was Zenas Breene, and he wanted our boy to be called Elisha or Jason, but I couldn't stand it, and he such a beautiful boy! So I gave up Cyril and Ralph for him, but fastened tight on to Edward.

Well, he was too little ter be a bit of use, 'ceptin' to love us, and he certainly did do that with all his baby heart. He was an awful care, an' he was just big enough to git into all sorts of trouble that he couldn't git out of alone. Then he got lost so often. At last I had to tie a cow-bell about his waist, so's to keep track of his whereabouts. We were in our third year, we were doin' right well: had a barn up and was plannin' great things for that season. I remember I thought we had earned it, and that I knew what hard work meant—but Lord, Lord, what fools we be! One day there came up a storm—just a whiz, a blow and a bang! and it was gone and the sky was all blue and smilin' ag'in; but we stood dumbfounded, for big Jerry, the strongest of our one team of horses, had been struck by lightnin' and lay there dead before us! As I thought how far-reachin', how great that loss was—how it would affect almost every act of our lives for months and months ter com', for a bit I pretty nigh broke down; an' honey,' she slowly tapped my shoulder to emphasize each word of her next sentence, "honey, if you'll believe me, I thought that that was trouble—but it warnt!"

"People, when they heerd about it, said, 'Pore things! they wont have no crop now!' but they didn't know Rhoda Breene then as well as they have sence! I had already turned myself into a man mor'n once, so as to help, and in the old boots and trousers of my husband I had worked shoulder to shoulder with him, but after that I did it oftener, and, what's more, so far as 'twas possible, I turned myself into a beast of burden. Aye, honey! I've had the collar on my neck and have pulled between the traces often. I might have clean forgot I was a woman, but for my Mandy. She was such a gentle little critter she was afeerd of me like that, so I'd hurry back into my old linsey gown, just to feel her arms go round my neck, to hear her sweet voice tellin' me all the things she'd seen or heerd that day. And so we raised a sort of crop for that fall after all, and with no man's help or pity; but God knows, honey, I knew then what hard work meant, and no mistake about it! Well, we went right on—my man and me—toilin' early and late. There warnt no

school yet, but I didn't mean my Edward should be no dunderhead, so I set out to teach him his letters evenin's, after supper dishes was washed up, and little Mandy, she'd sit on the door-step and listen for the whip-poor-wills. She used to talk to the trees and have the queerest notions, and one night while my Edward spelled out his lesson, Mandy says, very low to me: 'Mammy, if I went very far in the woods, could I find poor Will and ask him why the birds want him whipped so often?' And I said, 'You're too little, honey, to go deep in the woods—you'd only get lost.'

"Next day she found a new plaything. A vine had clum up high in a tree. There it stands now, close to the door, and several yards of it was a hangin' and a swingin', and its shadder was right pretty on the ground, a-trimblin' like it was alive and runnin' forward and backward, just as the wind happened to sway the vine. My Mandy played all one afternoon with it, tryin' to catch it and callin' it pretty names. And I was right pleased, 'cause it kept her by the door and out of danger. Out of danger! God, what fools we be! Next day I was awful busy, inside the house and outside—cookin' inside and watchin' the soap-kettle outside. I heerd little Mandy's voice cry 'I tetch; I tetch!' I saw her run and throw herself laughingly upon the ground, clutchin' at the wavin', leafy shadder, and then, honey, I heerd a cry of terror and pain! I rushed out and snatched my Mandy up, just as the tail of a rattler slipped from her baby hand. Almost first glance showed me the spot on the side of her neck, I was about mad with fright! I sucked at the wound, I flew for Zenas' whiskey jug! I tried to pour some down her poor little throat, but in fifteen minutes she was cold and senseless, and—and—well, when the whip-poor-wills were callin', husband was diggin' little Mandy's grave, and, honey, for many a long, lonely day, I thought that was trouble—but it warnt, it warnt!

"A mother loses a sight when she loses her only girl-child. Men-folks don't make much of us after courtin' days are over, and boys soon grow rough and 'shamed to love their mother. So I missed my Mandy's

kisses and hugs and pats more even than I missed her chatter. But I went straight ahead workin' and teachin' and savin'—only then it was all for my Edward. He was such a lively boy. He helped his father right smart and did chores, and when at last they built a schoolhouse, 'way over by the Corners, and had a man com' and teach for the four winter months, my Ned was the only boy in the hull settlement that could already write his name. He was so pretty, too. His hair had big deep waves in it and his smilin' lips were as full and sweet as a girl's, and Zenas didn't like that a bit. He used ter say he'd rather have Ned as homely as a barn-door, with a straight slit for a mouth ruther'n them poutin', pink lips of his'n. He'd warn me, too, not to set too much store by the boy, and once he just as good as told me

I made an idol of him, when he said right solemn-like: 'Rhody, Rhody, remember I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God!'

"But then the boy was a beautiful boy and smart, and though he was growin' big and tall, he used to let me kiss him sometimes when the whip-poor-wills were

a-callin' and we sat on the door-step together for a breathin' spell.

"Zenas was a good man, but he didn't quite understand; he didn't guess how far a kiss went with a woman that had nuthin' but work for her hull life. Well, then along came the year of the floods. Every spring there's a freshet that does

more or less harm, but that year there were floods in many states besides our'n—so I heerd. It was an awful rough time. Brooks and little friendly streams, no broader than yer two hands that had crept through the property quiet and gentle, all of a sudden became ragin', ravin', savage things, rushin' everywhere, snappin' and tearin' at everything in their reach. The creeks turned to rivers—dear Lord, it seemed like the rivers had turned into a sea to swallow all the land!

"Zenas took a heap of pride in his cattle, and he was tryin' to improve the breed. He'd just paid a mighty big price for a fine cow. Pretty thing with eyes like a deer. He was very anxious about her. All the first day he worked for his neighbors that had lands in the 'bottoms', savin' stock and farmin'



Drawn by Clyde O. Deland.

"I WAS ABOUT MAD WITH FRIGHT."

tools and such like. Second day it was lives he was helpin' save, and then it was his own belongings he was fightin' for. I was just carryin' down a big pot of coffee for the wet and tired men, when I see Zenas with rope coiled about his arm makin' out into that furious stream.

" 'What yer doin'?' I called; 'Zenas, what yer tryin' to do? You'll be killed!' He pointed out there where they stood on a tiny bit of an island. I could see the heads and necks of the two cows, and one of them was Queenie, the new one. Zenas shouted: 'I'm goin' to rope her; then she'll swim after me. I can't stand the loss, Rhody—so I'll have to risk things. But don't you be afeerd, honey, and do be keerful of yourself!' And in he went into the muddy torrent, whose dirty white waves tossed straw and leaves and trash about, while great trees and bits of roofin' came swirlin' past us, with now and then a pore dead thing that makes one sick and sad to see a-floatin' so horribly!

"I watched my man. He waded first, then he began to swim. He got out there all right, and some of the boys guv' a cheer. Oh, if they hadn't. He worked a bit fastening the rope over the cow's horns and then he started to swim ashore, holdin' the other end of the rope and callin' 'Suke! Suke!' to encourage the old cow to follow. Just as we saw that both cows wer' swimmin' steadily arter him, some one gave a shout! We all looked, and as we saw hurtlin' down the stream an awful black mass, the same thought sprang to every mind: 'The bridge is gone! the bridge! and oh, the timbers!'

"Then every creature let loose its voice, in scream or shout, in cuss or prayer!

" 'Save yerself! Turn 'em loose! Let 'em go! Dive! Dive! Look, man, look!' It was a very roar of warnin', and Zenas heerd it! Yes, he heerd it, but he *misunderstood!* He took the warnin' shout for a cheer at his success! He lifted his head high from the water and triumphantly he turned, the wrong way! He saw followin' him through the water two broad wet noses and four big, dark, trustin' eyes. Then as the smile was broadest on his kindly face the timber struck it a mighty end-on blow that sent my Zenas to the bottom with broken arm and collar-bone

and jaw! But even in that awful instant, between his smile and the strikin' of the death blow, I thanked him from my soul for havin' called me 'honey' onct more before he died. And child, as I truly mourned for him, so truly I thought his death was trouble, but it warnt—no," by the livin' God, it warnt!

"People took to callin' me the Widow Breene. Edward and I did the best we could with the farm. Two or three men offered to work it on shares, sayin' my Ned always had his nose in a book and wouldn't be of no use ter speak on, but he did all right enough the first year or two, only he had ter go to the city twice a year at least, and I could not help seein' that them trips were upsettin' to him. He'd always com' back sullen and sulky and find fault with everythin' about home, no matter how hard I'd try to please him. Well, honey, the city draw'd and draw'd at him, and he didn't make no great fight agin it, so the third year found him at work in the city and me here alone. It was mighty hard lines, and there was many a thorn in the path I trod, but I said nothin', though I used to be plum sick for the sight of his handsome face sometimes! After awhile he wanted a little money; not much, just to help him out of a tight place. Then he'd helped a friend, who couldn't pay him back just yit. Then he was out of his job on account of an accident—until at last I had ter tell him the saved money was all gone. He could com' hom' and welcome, but I just couldn't send no more money; and after that he didn't write me nary a word for months—and that hurt, honey, that shorely did hurt!

"Then ther' com' a crookedy, scrawly sort of letter, a-beggin', a-demandin' of money right away. It was life or death, he must have it! I was ter send it by a man that would wait for it at our nearest village. I wasn't to be frightened; he was all right enough, but, for God's sake, ter send the money!

"I couldn't quite make the sum up, and, for the first time in my life, I com' down ter borrowin'. Yes, I got the money and I found the man, but I wouldn't trust him, and besides I was sick with fright about my son, my Edward! 'Life or death,' he had said. Oh, I thought, he must have

worked himsel' clean out, and so I just went with the man and carried the money mysel'. In the mornin' early we were passin' through an alley-way in the city, when out of a corner saloon a man stepped and in my own Edward's voice, he said, quickly: 'Well, did yer git it? Say, have yer got the money?' Then he saw me, and before he could stop himself, went on with 'What in —— brings you here?'

"As I stood there, honey, I felt my heart shrivel up in my side, just as a green leaf shrivels in the fire! I wouldn't have known him—no, I wouldn't! His eyes were bloodshot, and underneath 'em were baggy, puffy-lookin' rings. His fair skin was blotted, and his lips, that used ter be so clean, so wholesome lookin', were swollen, cracked, and deeply stained with terbacco-juice. My hands trimbled as I passed the money to him, but I only said, 'It's bor-rowed!' His face turned red at that, for well he knew my shame. He scowled and muttered ter himsel' like, and then suddenly he broke out with: 'For the Lord's sake, why didn't you put a bonnet on yer head and make yerself look like other people?'

"I was plum astonished! I put up my hand, and there sure enough was my black sun-bonnet. I had been so frightened about him and so rushed ter get the money I hadn't never once thought of my clothes. It seemed like I'd choke with the shame and the pain! I turned away. He said, 'I suppose yer haven't had any breakfast yet?'

"I shook my head. Then, hesitatingly, he added, 'Well, you'd better com' with me ter some quiet place and have something to eat?' but I said: 'Much obleeged, but I can take care of mysel'. I know a woman that'll let me stay to her house till the horses are rested and I can start hom', and I don't want ter shame no one by walkin' with them—least of all my son!'

"As I walked away, I heerd a laugh from Ned's friend and an oath from Ned. Then runnin' steps behind me, and in a moment more his ruined young face was close ter mine and he hurried out the words: 'Mammy! If it only comes right this time, you'll never have ter borrow another dollar for me! Yer shant, anyway, not even if I have ter com' back ter the

farm again! I mean it, mammy!' And he patted me on my shoulder and went back to his companion.

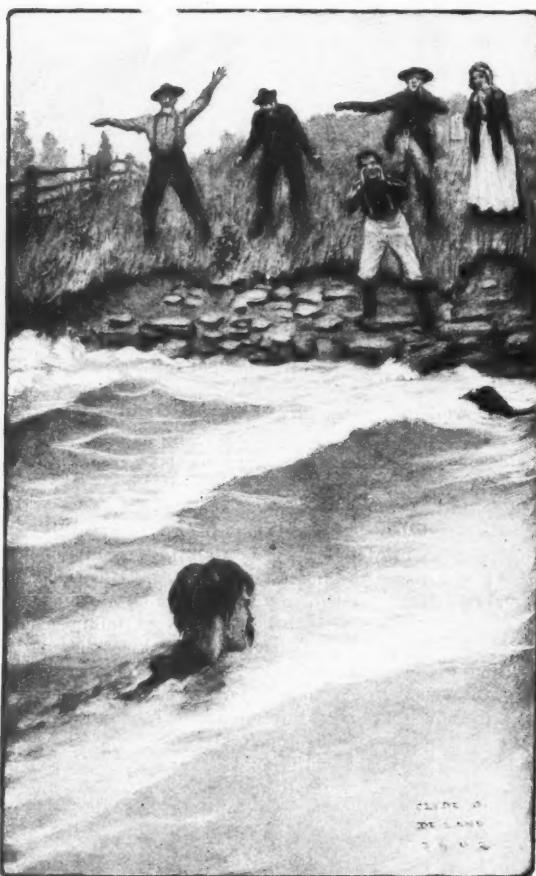
"I sat at a good friend's little kitchen door till the horses were rested, and then I started back; and as I druv over the long pale road through the cool night air, back in the city my Ned was gambling with the money I had raised, and was losin', when suddenly he saw the gambler cheatin' him. A blindin' fury sprang up in him! He seized a pistol and shot at the man who had swindled him—shot blindly with the first pistol he'd ever touched, yet the gambler sat there dead as stone, with the marked cards in his hand!

"I was eatin' my breakfast of johnny-cake and coffee next mornin', when a man brought ter me the only telegraph I ever had. It said—you know mebee, honey, they aint never long—it said: 'Have killed a man—please come. Edward.'

"It warnt long before the hull thing was wound up. I couldn't do much, but what I did do cost me about all I had, and one day late in the fall there were crowds of people in the city streets, talkin' excited like and laughin' and skylarkin' like it was circus-day. They wouldn't let me inter the jail ter be with him, though I promised over and over I wouldn't take on nor make no fuss at all. So I stood outside with my face pressed agin the big barred gate and listened and waited.

"The noise of the outside crowd was awful, and at last I says: 'Oh, if yer please, gentlemen, I can't hear, and I'm his mother!'

"And then all stood quiet after that, and then the hum of talk on the inside of the wall among the witnesses of the execution stopped. Everything was still—so still! In the distance a door shut hard and my knees quaked at the sound. Then I heerd a single voice speakin'; it was a gentle, calm voice. I couldn't ketch anythin' it said, until I heerd the one word 'Amen!' and as my lips were repeatin' the word there came a sound"—her hand clenched her pipe hard, a spasm crossed her wrinkled face—"like somethin' a-fallin', then brought up short, a sort of heavy jar, and as I heerd it, I understood. And the sun in heaven went clean out, black and cold. When it shou' again some women, with tears



"SAVE YERSELF! TURN 'EM LOOSE!"

runnin' down their faces, was a-rubbin' of my hands and sayin': 'Pore soul! Pore soul! She's the boy's mother!'

"Then some one helped me up inter the wagon, the gates opened, and they brought out ter me what was left of my Edward. I covered him careful with the patchwork-quilt he used ter favor most when he was little, and as I, a widow, druv slowly away from the jail gates—the body of my only son lyin' at my feet—I lifted up my voice and I said aloud, just once, 'Well, God himself knows *this is trouble!*'"

She sat a moment, her breast rising and falling rapidly, then she rose stiffly, shook out the ashes from her pipe, and laid it on the mantel.

The rain had ceased. She took me by the hand, and, seeing the tears running down my cheeks, she lifted my apron and wiped them away. She looked again at the dimple in my wrist; slowly she pressed her thin lips upon it, "So like my Mandy's!" she whispered to herself.

She led me out into the woods, and placed me in the path. She said: "Keep straight on 'til yer com' to a high fence, clim' over and you'll be in the public road, and the house yer want in full sight."

She gave me a little push forward, while she stood still. My heart was big with grief and pain. I went on slowly a few steps. I looked back. How sad, ah, how sad she looked, alone there in the woods! I turned back; I took hold of her black gown timidly, and said: "If you please, m'am, I'm so sorry you are the Trouble Woman!"

She looked down at me, her lips twisting wryly, and answered surprisedly, "Why be yer, honey?" and then she patted me gently on the head and added: "Thank yer—thank yer! I'll remember that!"

We returned to the east that fall and I never saw her again, but whenever or wherever I hear the cry of the whip-poor-will, like a flash I see standing in the darkling wood a figure gaunt and erect—see a pair of wide-pupiled eyes, as sad as death, and the wryly bitter smile, and with a pang I bow my head in reverent memory of the Trouble Woman.



CRITICISM AND BOOK-REVIEWING

By Brander Matthews



ANKIND has a marvelous facility for self-repetition, as though it was resolved to keep on proving that to-morrow is like unto yesterday. Even history is prone to plagiarize from itself at whatever interval of time; and many an American, reading 'about General Buller's obstinate blundering on the Tugela, could not help feeling that Braddock had been defeated once more. The world moves, of course; and yet we go on saying ditto to our grandfathers in the placid belief that we are declaring new truths.

Just at the beginning of the new century the new truth which certain strenuous writers are shrilly declaring is that literature is suffering from a lack of criticism, that there are now none to uphold the final standards of literary art and to apply them inexorably, and that therefore the republic of letters is in a parlous state, with incompetent mediocrity claiming all the rewards of merit and usurping all the places of honor. One of these robust protestants against the prevailing laxity of criticism, the British author of a recent collection of "Ephemera Critica," laments that belles lettres are sinking deeper and deeper into degradation, and two American reviewers are in painful accord with him, the first asserting that "one grows weary, in these days, of harping persistently upon the melancholy fact that criticism in the Anglo-Saxon world has become almost extinct and that what the public accepts as criticism is almost anything but that," while the second com-

placently confesses that "the degradation of literature is one of the facts of the present day impossible to ignore." And all three of these writers unite in crying aloud for a criticism which shall scourge and scorch the feeble folk now enjoying the favor of the public and which shall drive the money-changers from out the temple of art.

This cry not only finds a prompt response in that gorilla-delight at the prospect of seeing somebody else suffer which still works in not a few of us, but it also awakens an echo in the breasts of many milder lovers of literature, justly annoyed by the prevalence of flagrant puffery and by the silly exaltation of the novels of the hour which are ever achieving a vogue sadly out of proportion to their actual value. No doubt it must be very irritating to those whose sense of proportion is keener 'than' their sense of humor, to read in the hasty reviews that fill the daily and the weekly papers that this or that callow storyteller has really rivaled Thackeray or Hawthorne, and that one of the minor choir of latter-day songsters combines in his verses the luscious beauty of Keats with the penetrative imagination of Wordsworth.

But, however understandable it is that man should be provoked to wrath by absurdities like these, there is no basis for the belief that the present conditions, lamentable as they may seem to some, are in any way new. It is more than fifty years since Poe died; and Poe was as vehement as any of the protestants of to-day in declaring the decadence of contemporary literature and

in asserting the necessity for a criticism which should be as rigorous as it was vigorous. And it is more than seventy years since Macaulay gave utterance to the same opinions, asserting that "however contemptible a poem or a novel may be, there is not the least difficulty in procuring favorable notices of it from all sorts of publications, daily, weekly or monthly." Macaulay went on to maintain that the influence of puffery was most pernicious, since "it is no small evil that the avenues of fame should be blocked up by a swarm of noisy, pushing, elbowing pretenders, who, though they will not be able to make good their own entrance, hinder in the meantime those who have a right to enter." Now, even if the present state of affairs is most deplorable, there is at least consolation in the knowledge that we have not fallen from the high estate of our ancestors. Indeed, we may even take comfort in the thought that, if the same puffery existed in Poe's time and in Macaulay's, perhaps it may not be so fatal to literature as those two incisive writers asserted. We may perhaps go further and surmise that if literature really flourished fifty years ago and seventy years ago, as we know that it did, although the book-reviewers were doing their duty no better than they are doing now, perhaps the vigorous and rigorous criticism of the sort that Macaulay and Poe preached—and that they both on occasion practised—is not quite so necessary as they declared it to be.

Behind the somewhat exacerbated protest of Macaulay and Poe and of the strenuous writers of our own day who voice the same dissatisfaction, there lies a threefold assumption:—first, that it is the chief duty of the critic to tear the mask from imposters and to rid the earth of the incompetent; second, that the critics of the past accepted this obligation and were successful in its accomplishments; and third, that there is now at the beginning of the twentieth century a special need for this corrective criticism. Now, these three assumptions are assumptions only; not one of them is borne out by the history of literature. But, although unsupported by the facts, they are so plausible that they are likely to mislead and to create a misunderstanding as to the true function of criticism.

It may be an obligation upon the critic of

science to tear the mask from off the impostor; but this can never be a chief duty for the critic of art. In so far as literature touches science—in biography, for example, and in the other departments of history—the utmost exactness of statement must be insisted upon. But in so far as literature is an art, in pure belles lettres, in poetry, in the drama, in prose-fiction, there are no standards of scientific exactness to be applied with scientific rigidity. When the critic is unfortunately seized with the belief that there are such standards and that these standards are in his possession, to be applied at will, the result is Jeffrey's famous condemnation of Wordsworth and the infamous assault on Keats—two instances without much encouragement for the critic who may feel moved to volunteer for police work.

Nor is there any better warrant for the second of these three assumptions—that the critics of the past accepted the obligation of taking pretenders to the police-station, while the critics of the present are derelict to their duty, preferring rather to close their eyes when they perceive incompetent poets and unworthy romancers picking the pockets of the unsuspecting public. It is true that certain of the self-styled critics of the past devoted themselves to the exposure of literary malefactors, but the result of their labors was often only a pitiful self-exposure. Jeffrey, of the "*Edinburgh*" and Wilson, of "*Blackwood's*," abounded in scathing contempt of the books they did not like. When they were wrong, as not infrequently happened, they merely made themselves laughingstocks for all who have come after; and when they were right, as might be the case now and again, they had plainly wasted their time, since they had done no more than kill what had no real vitality.

When we note that no one of the leading critics of the nineteenth century—Sainte-Beuve, Arnold or Lowell—cared keenly for the discussion of contemporary literature, we are led to remark that there is a necessary distinction to be made between criticism, as they practised it, and mere book-reviewing. Criticism, in their hands and in the hands of those who follow them, is a department of literature, while book-reviewing is a branch of

journalism. To "get the best" is the aim of literature, while the object of journalism is rather to "get the news." The critic, concerning himself especially with what is most worthy of his inquiry, is led most often to discuss the picked works bequeathed to us by the past, while the book-reviewer, writing for a periodical, has perforce to deal with the average product of the present. Criticism is the art of "seeing the object as in itself it really is," so Matthew Arnold told us; and it "obeys an instinct prompting it to try to know the best that is known and thought in the world." Book-reviewing, however useful it may be, has a far humbler function; it may be defined as the art of informing readers just what the latest volume is, in kind, in character and in quality.

Criticism can, if it so choose, deal only with the permanent past, while book-reviewing has no option; it must consider the fleeting present. Book-reviewing has for its staple topic the contemporary—which is very likely to be little better than temporary; and it is therefore at liberty to relax its requirements and to apply standards that are immediate rather than permanent—to contrast one novelist of our time with another novelist of our time rather than to crush both of them under a comparison with the mighty masters of the past. It would be absurd for a book-reviewer to feel forced always to condemn every new volume of short stories because the young writers are obviously inferior in force and in finish to Poe and to Hawthorne, or to banish every one of the novelists who are seeking to set forth the seething life of this huge and sprawling metropolis of America because these ardent novices lack not a little of the genius we are all glad to acknowledge in Balzac and in Thackeray.

It is not with the present condition of criticism (in this narrower sense of the word) that the strenuous writers are dissatisfied, but rather with the present condition of book-reviewing as revealed in our periodicals, daily, weekly and monthly. They proclaim that contemporary literature is languishing because the book-reviewer has failed to do what in him lies; and they insist that book-reviewing is no longer what it was once. Of course, it is easy enough to find fault with the

book-reviewing of to-day as it is visible in the countless periodicals of Great Britain and the United States; indeed, there are few institutions with which it is not easy to find fault. Both in London and in New York book-reviewing is often careless; it is often incompetent; it is frequently casual and hasty, and only very rarely is it venal. It is sometimes careful, competent, thorough and disinterested. It is sometimes merely the medium for the selfish display of what the young writer is pleased to consider as his wit. It is sometimes both intelligent and conscientious.

In the daily and weekly periodicals of England and America book-reviewing is perhaps rather better on the whole than is the reviewing in these periodicals of the fine arts, of music, and of the drama—although this apparent superiority is probably due to the great inherent difficulty of the other tasks. Book-reviewing, again, is rather better on the whole at the beginning of the twentieth century than it ever was before. Whoever has considered the career of Oliver Goldsmith can recall the wretched condition of book-reviewing in England in the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was wholly in the control of the booksellers; and whoever is familiar with the correspondence of Rufus Griswold will remember what an extraordinary state of affairs seems to have existed in the United States in the middle of the nineteenth century, when an editor was apparently considered churlish if he refused to publish the reviews of their books sent to him by the authors themselves. In fact, only those who are really ignorant about book-reviewing in the past would venture to pretend that it was in any way superior to book-reviewing in the present.

Probably this pretense is to be ascribed partly to our ingrained belief that things used to be far better than they are now. We know well enough that this is not true; but still we often talk as though we thought the world was always running down hill. The deficiencies of book-reviewing are serious enough now; but there never was a time when they were any less evident. There never was a time when book-reviewing was all that it ought to be, or even when its average was high. Indeed, we may go further and say that there never

was a periodical, British or American, French or German, in which the book-reviewing was always satisfactory—in which it was unfailingly competent, courteous and disinterested—and in which every article was evidently written by a gentleman and a scholar. At least, if there is any such periodical in existence, I should be glad to subscribe for it at once; and if it is no longer in existence, I should be glad to buy a complete set. Moreover, I should be willing to pay an honest reward merely for the disclosure of its name, since such a periodical is what I have been seeking diligently for now many years.

In my leisurely youth, when I had all the time there was, I bought a forty-year file of a London weekly of lofty pretensions and of a certain antiquity, since it has now existed for more than three score years and ten; and in the course of a twelvemonth I turned every page of those solid tomes, not reading every line, of course, but not neglecting a single number. The book-reviewing was painfully uninspired, with little brilliancy in expression and with little insight in appreciation; it was disfigured by a certain smug complacency which I find to be still a characteristic of the paper whenever I chance now to glance through its pages. But as I worked through this contemporary record of the unrolling of British literature from 1830 to 1870, what was most surprising was the fact that only very infrequently indeed did the book-reviewers bestow full praise on the successive publications which we now hold to be among the chief glories of the Victorian reign, and that the books most lavishly eulogized were very often those that have now sunk into oblivion.

Of course, this surprise was a little unreasonable. The high value of the greater books of this period lies partly in their possession of the element of the universal and the permanent; and by the very fact of their having this element these books were so much the less in accord with the prevailing taste at the moment of their appearance; and the book-reviewer, being a journalist and therefore professionally responsive to the immediately contemporary, discovered a closer conformity to this fleeting standard in other books now neglected, largely because taste has changed with the

passing of the moment. Moreover, there is in the greater books of any era not only this element of universality and permanence, but also an element of individuality often very disconcerting to those in whose hands it first comes. They do not know quite what to make of it or how to take it. They can see that it fails to fit inside any of the accepted formulas, and this arouses doubt; for the healthy conservatism of mankind makes us distrust anything that seems to savor of freakishness.

It is, indeed, a commonplace of criticism that many a great artist has had to create the taste he is to satisfy, and that he had had to educate his public to appreciate him. The more original he is, the more individual his expression of life, the harder the task before him. No wonder is it, therefore, that what is written in accord with the conventions of the present and with the traditions of the past is more likely to call forth paens of praise from the book-reviewer than what happens to be bristling with an unexpected personality. Even if the book-reviewer himself has enjoyed the reading of the work in which a new thing is said in a new way, when he takes up his pen to comment upon it his conservatism often restrains him from the ample expression of his pleasure.

The third assumption of the strenuous writers from whom quotations were made at the beginning of this paper was that there is a special need now at the beginning of the twentieth century for a fearless and trenchant criticism which shall relieve us somehow from the immense increase in the number of inferior books pouring from the presses. It may be asserted at once that this assumption has no firmer foundation than the two others. It is true that there are more books published nowadays than ever before, and that a very large proportion of them are worthless. But then a very large proportion of the books published in any decade of the nineteenth century or of the eighteenth century or of the seventeenth century are also worthless. The worthy books of these centuries are still remembered, while the worthless books were soon forgotten. It is a well-known fact that the telegraph-poles seem closer together the more distant they are; and so it is also with the masterpieces of literature. To suppose

that ours is the only decade that has suffered by the over multiplication of needless books ought not to be possible to a scholar who knows the history of his own literature.

Perhaps it is also a little unscientific even to allow that we are suffering from an over-multiplication of books. It is perhaps better to admit that the conditions of sound literary development require that there should be abundant and luxuriant productivity. It augurs well for the future of our literature that so many are now striving for self-expression in this medium, however annoying it may be to the book-reviewer to be forced to consider an ever-increasing number of volumes piled high on his table and however much it may irk him to waste time in commenting upon writers who seem to him to be beneath criticism. Any increase in the number of books points to a probable increase in the number of good books—unless, indeed, there has been some sudden relaxing in the fiber of the stock that speaks our language, some strange loss of energy in the race.

As a matter of fact, we find in this last decade of the past century an extraordinary number of very poor books, wholly unworthy of publication, useless for any purpose. But we also find more often than ever before that books attain a high average of substance and of style. Never before were the principles of literary art so widely understood or so skilfully applied. Never before was technic more masterly or craftsmanship more accomplished. Never before were there so many writers of indisputable talent. Whether or not we have now our full share of writers of genius is another question; but it is a question to which this decade cannot furnish an answer, nor the next either. Genius can be tested only by the touchstone of time. Genius is for posterity to proclaim. The more frequent the men of talent among us to-day, the more likely it is that some one of them will be recognized as a man of genius to-morrow. Our perspective is far too short for us to gauge the stature of genius. We are in the underbrush and we cannot make sure which of the tall trees is really the loftiest. On his ability to achieve this impossibility many a critic has staked his reputation—and lost it.

As M. Jules Lemaître has reminded us, the criticism of our contemporaries is not really criticism; it is only conversation. Now the aim and intent of book-reviewing is to engage in this very discussion of our contemporaries, and this is why book-reviewing, which is a department of journalism, must be carefully distinguished from criticism, which is a department of literature. This is why also we need not worry ourselves overmuch about the present condition of book-reviewing, since it has not all the importance which the British author of "*Ephemera Critica*" has claimed for it and since it can really have very little influence upon the future of literature. As a fact, the condition of book-reviewing is not now so lamentable as the British author has declared, and it is not indeed any worse than it has been in earlier years; but it might be very much worse than it is, and very much worse than it ever was, without its having any unfortunate influence on the development of a single man of genius. Indeed, genius never more surely reveals itself as genius than in its ability to withstand the pressure of contemporary fashion and go on doing its own work in its own way.

On the author of genius the book-reviewers can have little influence, fortunate or unfortunate; and even on the author of talent their influence is at best but indirect. In other words, the book-reviewers wholly misconceive their position when they suppose themselves to have any special duty toward the author, since his work must of necessity be finished and out of hand before they can see it. As we look over the literary history of the nineteenth century, we can discover no single instance of any book-reviewer ever having exerted any influence, favorable or unfavorable, on any author of ability, either British or American. It is to the reader, and to the reader only, that the book-reviewers are under obligation. It is to the reader that they have to render their reports, honestly declaring what manner of book it may be they have before them, and devoting themselves wholly to such explanation and discussion as will interest and instruct the reader. They need take no thought whatever of the author, whose merits and demerits they are to investigate and declare, not for his

sake—for it is then too late for him to profit by any advice of theirs—but for the sake of the reader. One evidence of the improvement of this branch of journalism is to be seen in the gradual disappearance of the old-school book-reviewers whose attitude toward an author was often that of a querulous pedagogue, now giving him a good mark and now scolding him and bidding him stand in the corner for a dunce. The book-reviewers of the better class, nowadays, pretend to no responsibility for the author and deal with him quite impersonally; they are well aware that any influence they can exert upon him must be indirect only and through the pressure of public opinion. They recognize that their duty is to the reader only and that their sole means of benefiting literature is by arousing in the public at large a distaste for the affected and the false, a disgust for the sham and the shoddy, a regard and respect for the sincere and honest treatment of life.

The British author of "Ephemera Critica," followed by the American writers who have echoed his plaints, would apparently like to have the book-reviewers resume the pedagogic attitude they have so wisely abandoned. He seems to believe that they are charged with grave responsibilities, having the duty of keeping the weights and the measures and of detecting counterfeit currency. He tells us that the critics of science accept this charge and acquit themselves loyally of this obligation; and he insists that the same burden should rest also upon the critics of belles lettres—in other words, upon the book-reviewers. Behind this contention there is a misconception of the power of criticism and a mistaking of its boundaries; there is an assumption of aristocratic superiority not warranted by the facts of literary history. It is founded on the belief that literature is for the few rather than for the many and that the plain people are pitifully unable to appreciate what is best unless they are led to it by the critic and the scholar. This belief is rarely frankly stated, but it is held by many men of letters; it is expressed superabundantly in the pages of the Goncourts' "Journal," for example.

But this belief can have for its foundation only the opinion that what is most important in any art is its form, and not its content; and that literature itself is rather a matter of words and of phrases than a question of thought and of feeling. It is based on the theory that the substance is of less consequence than the style and that the technic is more vital than the idea. The plain people care little for technic, for style, for mere words and phrases; they are perhaps unduly impatient at the frequent discussion of these qualities by literary experts; they are interested far less in manner than in matter. Although they are not so negligent of manner as many assert, they give their chief attention to the matter in hand. They are ready always to respond to emotion and to thought; and in this they are capable of rising to unexpected heights.

The reputation of the great poets has not been made by the scholarly critics chiefly, but rather by the plain people of their own time or of the years immediately following. Almost every one of the commanding names in literature belongs to a man who enjoyed a wide popularity while he was alive. Sophocles was not only the most powerful but also the most applauded of Greek dramatists. Shakespeare was the favorite of the groundlings who flocked to the Globe Theater; and Molière's plays drew larger audiences oftener than those of any of his rivals. Goethe's lyrics were on the lips of the young men and maidens of Germany while he was yet alive in Weimar. Among the lyceum audiences of New England, in the middle of the nineteenth century, no lecturer was more welcome than Emerson.

Many a third-rate poet, failing of popular appreciation, although praised by his fellow-men of letters, has placed his hope in after-ages, when the taste of the people might be more cultivated, and has therefore filed an appeal to posterity. But there is no case on record where posterity has heard the appeal and reversed the unfavorable verdict of the plain people of the author's own time. If popularity is not obtained within the author's lifetime, or within three score years and ten after his birth, it is never obtained at all. When

the contemporary judgment of the broad public is unfavorable, it is final; and there is no recourse to any later tribunal. On the other hand, when this contemporary judgment is favorable, it is not final; and often the cause is reargued in every succeeding century.

In other words, the next generation will select out of the many popular authors of this generation the few that it will esteem worthy of survival; but it will never attempt to galvanize into life any of the unpopular authors. In fact, in the history of every truly great writer's reputation we can observe that he was relished by the plain people of his own day, whether or not he was adequately appreciated by the scholarly critics who were his contemporaries. More than one truly great writer has passed through this life amusing or consoling his fellow-men; and he has then died before the scholarly critics ever began to surmise that he was really deserving of their respectful attention. Cervantes certainly was one of these favorites of the plain people, unrecognized by the literary experts of his own tongue; and probably Shakespeare was another. Not a few of the novelists widely read at the beginning of the twentieth century will be absolutely forgotten at the end of it; but, on the other hand, such of our writers of fiction as may be enjoyed at the end of the century will have been selected by the unerring hand of Time from the list of those known to-day wherever the English language is spoken.

This may seem to some a hazardous contention, although it is borne out by the facts of literary history; and it is absolutely fatal to any theory that criticism has the power to pass upon the credentials of contemporary poets and romancers. This theory is essentially aristocratic; it sets up a caste of culture as the only one qualified to decide what is good or bad in literature. Upon questions of style, of form, of rhetoric, of construction, of art in general, this aristocracy of education is often the best judge, but in considering the essence of literature, the vital qualities to be felt rather than to be formulated, the life of the spirit, its judgment is not

so good as that of the plain people, who know what they like although they do not know why. The plain people took to heart the "Pilgrim's Progress" long before the cultivated caste discovered its worth; and they thrilled to the Gettysburg Address as it fell from the lips of the homely speaker.

The aristocrats of culture put their trust in academic standards, as becomes the custodians of tradition. They look to the past only; they rarely understand the present; they are prone to distrust the future. They did not perceive the scope of "Don Quixote," of "Hamlet," of the "Cid," and of "Les Femmes Savantes." They were outraged by Hugo's "Hernani" as they were disgusted with Ibsen's "Ghosts." They are rarely opened-minded enough to disentangle what is praiseworthy out of the powerful works which revolt them—Zola's, for example, and Whitman's. But it is only fair to suggest that they are swift to belaud delicate art and technical skill. They found it easy to appreciate Vergil and Racine, Gray and Longfellow, and in general any other poet who has felt himself to be the heir of the ages and who has walked reverently in the footprints of his predecessors. They are therefore more likely to be right in their opinions on authors of the second rank than in their judgments upon original geniuses. In this latter task their very education seems often to be a disadvantage, sophisticating their perceptions and not leaving them as ready to understand the elemental and the universal as the plain people are. It may even lead them to distrust a writer of primitive force, chiefly because the plain people like him.

The book-reviewers are wise in rejecting the advice of the strenuous writers quoted early in this paper and in not being tempted to take themselves too seriously. It is enough to give them pause to recall the fate of more than one of their predecessors and to remember that when a book-reviewer decides that it is his duty to scourge the incompetent and to drive out the false pretenders, he may be clever enough to select Robert Montgomery as his victim, or he may be unlucky enough to pick out Byron or Keats or Wordsworth.



A County Clare Angel

By
Seumas Mac Manus

IT WAS in the good old days of the duello. Dick was doing locum tenens down in the County Clare for an old fellow who had gone stravaguing over Europe. Poor Dick seemed designed by the Fates to do locum tenens and nothing else. This was about the tenth for him within the two years since he took the degree. Thankful enough, though, he was to get the job, for tin was both scarce and seldom with him; and moreover such was his good nature that when he found money making music in his pockets, he could not rest till he had spent it on his friends.

Anyhow, at the time I speak of, Dick, as I said, was doing his tenth turn, be the same more or less, down in Clare. Dick and I had ever been particularly good friends, and when I got a note from him commanding a visit from me, I did not hesitate. "Old man," Dick wrote, "I want you to translate yourself down here with as little delay as possible. You'll not find it dull, I assure you. When condemned myself to this region, I thought it was to see Castlecarriga, yawn, and die—and I came, thinking it pleasanter to quit the vile world on a (comparatively) full stomach here than on an empty one in Dublin. I have been very agreeably disappointed. I have never been anywhere I liked better. Nice place—nice people. This latter reminds me to say, too, that I have an *affaire du cœur*, in getting safely through with which I wish for your moral support, old boy. I depend upon you. Don't disappoint, under pain of forfeiting the best good wishes of,

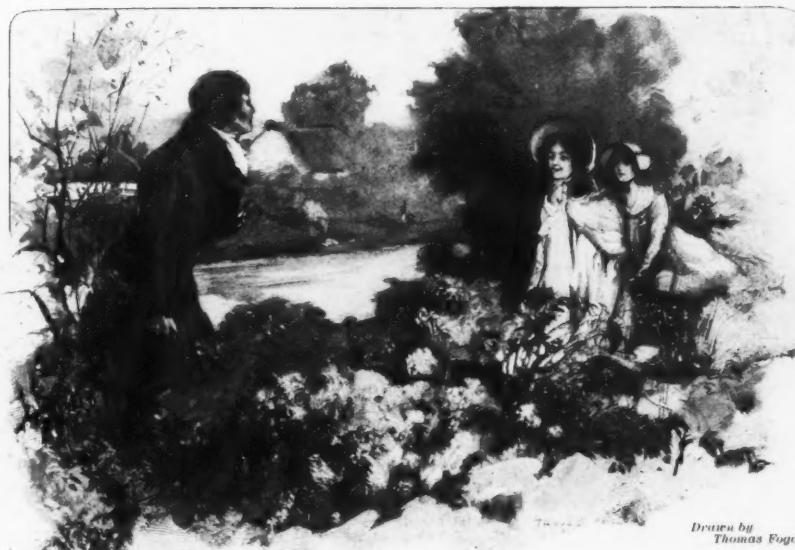
"Yours everly,

"Dick O'Hara.

"P. S.—Drop me a note what day you'll come. My landlord owns a mountain nag, and a neighbour here has perpetrated a machine he poses for a dog-cart. I'll drive over with them to Lisnamona to receive you off the coach, and trundle you here. Come on to-morrow, if possible."

I wasn't a bit surprised to find that already Dick had his *affaire du cœur*—and laughed heartily over it. But I was bound to go down and have a week with him. The Clare breezes were what I just needed to blow the Dublin cobwebs off me. I threw together a few oddments into a portmanteau, and took the Limerick coach next evening. Thank the Lord, I have never been troubled with insomnia even in its very mildest form; so I slept the sleep of the heavy-headed just whilst the coach, with many a rock and many a roll, traversed "The Rocky Road from Dublin." And when Dick grasped my hand at Lisnamona next morning I was as fresh as a last night's herring. "Awfully kind of you, old man," said Dick, his face lit up with welcome. "I'll not forget you for this. Wait, let me take that bag. Here—here you are—this way. That's our circus there beyond," and he indicated a yoke by the wall-side which moved me to hilarious mirth. "Never mind, old man," he said, "I candidly confess it's not ornamental—I think I hinted as much to you—but it's useful, decidedly useful. —Now you knaves!" he shouted to a crowd of loungers who had gathered around the pony and trap, and were enjoying themselves at the expense of the concern with much relish—"You knaves! clear out of that, and go laugh at your grandmothers, will ye?"

"Sir," said one "would ye be so very kind as to give me the address of yer coach builder?"



*Drawn by
Thomas Fogarty.*

"I PROMPTLY AND POLITELY OFFERED MY ASSISTANCE."

Faith, if I hadn't caught Dick and shoved him up to his seat he would have given some of the wits a surprise they weren't prepared for; he had mischief in his eye, and when Dick O'Hara let out from the shoulder, Lord help the man come in the way of his fist.

"For Heaven's sake, Dick," I said, taking the reins and whip—such a whip!—in my own hands, and getting the business under way, "don't mind boys having their joke. Besides," I said, "they couldn't be mortal and not joke under the inspiration of such a spectacle as that."

Dick here burst out a-laughing himself.

"By Jehosaphat!" he said, "it's enough to make a fool a wit!"

And for the five miles between there and Castlecarriga Dick and I laughed plenty. We could not help it, for whilst the nag cantered along with a most ludicrous pitching motion, like an unmanageable brig in a choppy sea, the vehicle roared like an iron shop in agony. We passed few who didn't turn to look after us; and it took both of us to have our wits about us, and sharpened, too, to reply to all the humorous salutes we got.

"Dick," I said, "do you often go out

to take the air upon this box of tricks?"

"Faith, Ned," said he, "this is my second experience on it; and, please Providence, it 'ill be my last. Barring, of course," he on second thought added, "that I must drive you over on it to catch the coach the day you leave me again," and he gave me a quizzical look.

"Not," said I, "if I know it. I have come into the County Clare with more éclat than, please the gods, I hope to leave it."

"Heigho! one can never make some people grateful," was all Dick replied.

Anyhow, we reached Castlecarriga and Dick's lodgings without mishap other than I feared my internal economy was, with the vile shaking, disarranged for the remainder of my days. But when Dick had, to his satisfaction, watched me lunch as a hungry man with a vicious appetite will, he pronounced the gastronomic machinery uninjured anyhow.

And when Mrs. Hayes, Dick's landlady, had gathered away the crumbs of the repast and we had started to make clouds, Dick unfolded to me his tale.

The fair enslaver who had taken him in the toils this time—I say *this time* advisedly

—was a Miss Clara Agatha Fitzsimmons, whose father was the principal business man in Castlecarriga, being at once draper, grocer, leather-cutter, spirit and hardware merchant—and a farmer to boot, owning as much land, Dick assured me, as you could see from the top of a tower.

“Tell you what, Ned,” said Dick, withdrawing the pipe, and as he leant toward me, speaking in a strictly confidential tone —“tell you what, Ned, Clara Agatha’s an angel. Ay—oh, I fully anticipated that smile. But wait—just wait till you see her, and if you aren’t forced to say as much, I’ll give you leave to—well, don’t ever take Dick O’Hara’s word regarding a girl again.”

I had smiled as the memories arose before me of the many angels it had been Dick’s fortune to cultivate; which angels had eventually an aggravating habit of degenerating into very human vessels—much to poor Dick’s sincere grief. Dick had ever had the knack of getting jilted, when which occurred he was hopelessly broken-hearted and took the misogynist’s vow. Never, never again would Dick put his faith in woman. And to this resolve he always stuck like a brick for often as much as two months together. But in two months at furthest there was ever a new angel due in Dick’s orbit, when his vow went the way of many predecessors.

“It was quite a romantic affair, Managhan,” Dick went on, “how we became acquainted. I wasn’t quite a week here when I discovered a most charming strolling ground along the bank of a little stream they call the Sheehy—a mighty pleasant little stream with banks beautifully diversified by flower and shrub. On three succeeding evenings I wandered by this stream and tried to make poetry, but, by Jove, failed most ignominiously—I can’t tell why for the scene was most inspiring; you shall see for yourself——”

“No matter, Dick, forge ahead with the romance.”

“Now, Ned, upon my honor, if you are not agreeable to regard this in a serious light, I’ll—I’ll—I’ll turn the subject.”

“Serious! What’s the matter with you? Am I not as serious as a sexton?”

“Well, as I said, for three successive

evenings I wandered delightedly along this bank; the first two were inadventurous, but on the third——”

“Ha! the third time, I’ll bet, was the charm.”

“On the third”—and Dick regarded me with a severe look, “lo and behold, I overtook two handsome young ladies who were trying to navigate a troublesome pass in a hedge. One, the taller of the two, had got entangled in the bushes. I promptly and politely offered my assistance and saw her safely through, for which I got laden with blushes and thanks. As she and her companion were going in the same direction as myself I got permission to accompany them. I took occasion to praise the beauties of the bank-path; and was very pleased to learn that like myself she—I refer to the taller, of course, whom I had relieved—was enamoured of it and had made it her favorite walk.”

“Ha!”

“Anyhow we had—or at least I had—a very pleasant walk and talk. We discovered we had many sympathies in common; and a mutual admiration for Tom Moore proved one fruitful source of improving conversation. Before we parted I informed her who and what I was, and begged that she would let me know her name. As you have probably guessed, she was——”

“Miss Clara Agnes Fitzsimmons, daughter to——”

“Agatha—not Agnes. Clara Agatha Fitzsimmons.” And Dick seemed to derive an epicurean delight from rolling the sweet morsel on his tongue. “Well, on the very next evening I surprised her under a thorn-bush on the bank, reading Tom Moore to her cousin—I forgot to tell you that the young lady who accompanied her was——”

“It’s of very minor importance, my dear Dick, who she was. Say she was a nonentity at once, and pass on to Miss Clara Agnes—Agatha, I mean.”

“Was a cousin; a pretty enough lass, but overshadowed by Clara Agatha——”

“Ay, you mentioned before, I think, that Clara Agatha was the taller.”

“Oh, but I mean that she overshadowed her cousin in—in—in fact, both in beauty and intellect.”

"Oh!"

"Yes, she is remarkably well up in Byron, and Moore, and the poets generally. As I said, I came upon her in a romantic situation reading and expounding Moore to her cousin Kitty Kinnane. My sudden and unexpected appearance threw the camp into a pretty confusion. I laughed heartily at how I had caught them. Clara Agatha pouted and said I was a horrid man to dog them to their retreat so. I insisted on Moore being produced from out the folds of her dress, in which Clara Agatha had hurriedly attempted to conceal it when she found the enemy upon them. And after much remonstrance and a deal of chaffering, she threw it at me.

"You know, Ned, I have always entertained the vanity that I know how to do Moore justice. Well, I selected some of the most affecting passages and did them in my very best style for the two young ladies—and with success, too, for whilst Kitty Kinnane was evidently much moved by my rendering, Clara Agatha was visibly affected. I read and read, Ned, not one of us thinking of the passing time, till the twilight shadows coming down compelled me to desist and discovered to us that we had been a long time away with the poet. As we wandered home, all three were happy in the thought of the very pleasant as well as very improving evening we had spent; and ere we parted we resolved to form ourselves into a Tom Moore Club that should meet under the thorn (which we subsequently named the Tom Moore thorn), on every evening practicable, for the better study of Moore's poems and mutual help therein. The idea was a bright one and productive of more genuine delight than I ever dreamt to be in store for a useless, no-account fellow of my sort. Every evening except for once, in a wonder, we have met there—I should mention that my office here is well-nigh a sinecure: nobody in County Clare (confound them!) gets sick by any chance; when an old fellow, having reached a hundred or so, thinks that common decency requires he should go to give the young fellows of only three or four score a chance, he sends for the priest, takes to his bed, and kicks the bucket with the least racket imaginable—mention a doctor to him and the dying man will make you

feel very small with the contemptuous laugh he'll treat you—his father and his grandfather before him (rest them!) died without the aid of any doctor, and he thinks himself as well-fitted to die of his own accord as they—so he rolls over and gives up the ghost."

"What the devil has that rigmarole got to do with Clara Agatha? Come back to Clara Agatha and Tom Moore."

"That's where I'm just come to. I wanted to show you that my days were my own; and there was nothing to hinder me from being a regular and punctual attendant at the Tom Moore Club. The first rule of the Club was that the number of members was to be strictly limited to three; the second, that each of the three members was, in turn, to read to the others. This second rule—ha! ha! fell through in the course of a few evenings. Kitty Kinnane, she preferred hearing either Clara Agatha or myself read to reading herself; and, to tell truth, when I wasn't in possession myself I liked to hear Clara Agatha only, for she has a soft and a melodious voice that sends a queer thrill through you—"

"Through you, you mean?"

"Through any one listening. And I more than fancy that Clara Agatha had a decided preference, also, for the new arrangement—Ahem! Ahem! Mrs. Hayes, do you think will this day clear off?"

Dick's landlady, a robust lady, had come in with a basket of peats for the fire—for the day was wet and a trifle cold. While she remained Dick chatted to her and me off-handedly upon indifferent subjects, paying marked respect to any remarks she made.

When she went he raised his hand with a gesture enforcing silence, and after a minute tip-toed to the room-door, opened it gently, and leant outward till he heard her voice giving orders in the kitchen below. He then closed the door and came back, smiling, to his chair.

"My dear Ned," said he, with some pathos in his tone, "she's naturally a bit of a tyrant," and he jerked his thumb toward the exit—"a bit of a tyrant, and she would try to come it over me if she could. She's death on Clara Agatha, and has nothing but the hardest word in the dictionary for her—says she's a brazen

skilt and other things equally complimentary. She holds that now I am away from under my mother's eye—may the Lord reward her innocence!—I need some one to keep a motherly eye on me, and thinks that because she is the recipient of so many shillings a week, either presently or in prospective, from me, it is her duty to regulate and direct my thoughts, words, and actions. But I'm not going to stand that." And Dick flared up indignantly.

"Perfectly right, Dick."

"No, not stand it!" he said still more firmly, on the support of my approval. "Still, of course," he went on, softening his tone, "there's no use living in Rome and fighting with the Pope. The soft word which turneth away wrath best suits me, in my defenseless position here, to use."

"Now the first glimpse of Clara Agatha that I got prepossessed me very much in her favor, and it only needed that I should become acquainted with the intellectual charms of her to compel my whole-souled admiration. In short, old fellow, to make a clean breast of it—Ned, *please* don't smile."

"I shan't, Dick; I feel more like crying. Trot ahead."

"To confess the truth to you—and you may smile and welcome, if you will—the Tom Moore Club wasn't three evenings old when I was desperately over head and ears in love with Clara Agatha!"

When Dick blurted out this confession, he made a long pause and unwaveringly looked me in the eye.

"Well, Dick, do you expect my condonance, or what?" I asked as seriously as I could.

"No, but I know just what you're thinking."

"By Jove, Dick, the County Clare and Clara Agatha must have wrought wonders with you. A clairvoyant!"

"I know well you're saying to yourself that I'm a blamed fool. Well, you're welcome to your opinion—for the present, at all events. But when you've seen Clara Agatha I know you'll have the generous honesty to say you wronged me. A fool I have been more than once or twice—half a score, half a dozen times, if you will. I freely confess that. But a wise fool this time, by your leave."

"Well, if I grant the fool now, we can settle the adjective later on, I suppose. Let us meantime continue the chronicles of the Tom Moore Club; they are mighty interesting."

"The Tom Moore Club is temporarily dissolved. That's the point I am eager to come to."

"Phew-w-w! The unpoetic toe of an irate pater was not entirely unconnected with said dissolution?"

"You are about as right as usual. It had nothing whatever to do with it. But there's a county surveyor here, pug-nosed and a cad. He, it seems, had been pestering Clara Agatha with attentions for some months previous, and still persisted, for he's such a thick-skinned ass that he wouldn't perceive a snub though there was one the size of a decent turfstack levelled at him. Well, this fellow soon got wind of the Tom Moore Club, and what do you think but he had the audacity to get Kitty Kinnane to take him to it, though the donkey knows as much and as little about Moore as he does about Magyar. He got Kitty to take him to a meeting of our Club. It was of course a breach of the first fundamental rule of our Club; but Clara Agatha, she is so gentle-natured that she wouldn't risk hurting his feelings by a hint—as if his feelings could be hurt! But she and I talked so brilliantly that I concluded the fellow had got a dose and wouldn't have the cheek to come back. But I didn't know my man; he had cheek enough for half a dozen hogs. He turned up the very next evening with a smirk on his countenance that would make many a man seasick; and to crown all he had the sublime impudence to apologize—upon my solemn word!—to apologize for being some minutes late! Why, my dear Ned, didn't I then and there brain him? Why didn't I?"

"Ah! Why, indeed? I offer you your selection from three very plausible theories: *Imprimus*, the lack of a weapon; *secondus*, of nerve to wield it; *tertius*, of brains to use it upon."

"He did apologize! The consummate scoundrel! Well, he sat and simpered there that evening also; and jawed, too—jawed—ventured to put his shovel now and then into a discussion that was about as intelligible to him as Greek would be to

a bull-frog. Clara Agatha, ever the slave of her good-heartedness, always smiled encouragingly on him when he made a remark, which drove the deluded fellow to exasperatingly presumptuous lengths—and he walked home on the other side of her.

"I saw this idiot needed to be sat upon with a good bump, and that without more delay, too. So, on the very next evening—for, of course, he came along to time again, with that infernal smirk plastered across his countenance—I informed Mr. O'Shaughnessy—O'Shaughnessy was his name—inform him the first and unalterable rule of the Tom Moore Club was that not more than three persons could hold membership, and that as a consequence he was one too many, and appealed to Clara Agatha if this wasn't so.

Clara Agatha's superfluity of good-nature and regard for the feelings of even a nuisance who hadn't got any feelings—"

"Easy! Easy! Let me examine the logic of that sentence."

"For goodness sake, Ned, do try to be serious for once in your life. Wishing, I

say, to let the fellow down easy, Clara Agatha said something—unmeaningly, of course—about Kitty Kinnane retiring; and Kitty, the stupid thing, took it seriously and said she believed the Club would derive ever so much more benefit from having Mr. O'Shaughnessy replace her as a member, and she would be only too happy to sit by, a literary mendicant, and pick up the crumbs of the feast—or some blather-skitin' like that; while O'Shaughnessy, the ass, he looked at the thing in just the same ridiculous light, jumped at the offer, and congratulated himself on becoming a member of the Club.

"Now, it was full time O'Shaughnessy was squelched. So, when on the following evening, waxing vain with pride of office, O'Shaughnessy attempted to express an opinion when Clara Agatha and I were debating some knotty point in Moore, I saw my chance and turned upon him my most withering look; but, would you believe it! the fellow, instead of being cut to the core as any one with a shred of decency would, simply smiled that silly, sickening



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

"POOR CLARA AGATHA GOT BETWEEN US."

smile, don't you know, of a jackass——”

“Dick, my dear boy, you *must* excuse me; and if you want to enlist my sympathies, you must tell your story in a commonsense way. I'll not deny that if I had ever had the misfortune to see the animal referred to smile, I should very probably acknowledge that the display was silly and sickening—but I have not witnessed such an exhibition yet; the jackasses of my acquaintance are not, I believe, given to smiling; and moreover, if they were, I should cut their acquaintance directly a hint of the fact came to my knowledge. Proceed, Dick.”

“Ned,” Dick said with a sigh, “I am wasting my story on you. You are infernally sarcastic or silly, or both. You can only see a huge joke in the whole affair.”

“On the contrary, old man, I'm all ears and serious attention. But when you want me to endorse your description of a jackass's smile, you attempt to draw too big a draft on my friendship.”

Dick threw into his countenance a pathetically appealing look that quite subdued me. Then he resumed—

“O'Shaughnessy only just smiled like

“An idiot.”

“An idiot, and was going on to dose us with an exhibition of ignorance, when I told him point blank to ‘shut up!’

“Yes, I consider that I was thoroughly warranted in doing so. Then there was some confusion, and hot words, and finally Clara Agatha in tears, for which I couldn't restrain myself from threatening to kick the brute over the bank. Poor Clara Agatha got between us, and by means of piteous appeals calmed me a little and led me home. But, then and there, the Tom Moore Club was dissolved, for the present, at all events.”

“Well?”

“Well, I waited two days, expecting, of course, and hoping to get a challenge from O'Shaughnessy—but got none. The scoundrel, as I feared, hadn't that much pluck in him. I was resolved not to see Clara Agatha again till I had wiped out the insult this fellow had put upon her by his bearish quarreling in her presence

“Was O'Shaughnessy the cause of the quarrel?”

“To be sure,” said Dick impatiently, “I thought I explained that clearly enough.”

“Never mind—so you did. It's my stupidity.”

“Not to see her till then; so after waiting and waiting in vain, I sat down and wrote off a challenge to him myself, employed a temporary second (pending your arrival), with orders for him to take no refusal unless the fellow wrote out a full and complete and very humble apology for his dastardly conduct. O'Shaughnessy, not willing to do this, was badgered and coerced into accepting my challenge. The weapons are pistols, the place a hidden holm a mile and a half up the river bank. The time only remained to be fixed—now you've come, it shall be settled for sunrise to-morrow. Then, please Providence, when I've punished the cowardly loon as he deserves, I shall be in a position to treat with Clara Agatha. I'll see herself at twelve to-morrow and formally propose; then see her father, to notify him that I intend accepting him as a father-in-law, and then—then——”

“Stop! Stop, for Heaven's sake, Dick! Is this a huge joke?”

“Ned, do I look like a man in a joking mood?”

“Candidly, no. But you talk like such an one.”

“Indeed, you puzzle me, Ned. Where do you seem to see the joke then?”

“Answer me, candidly and solemnly. Do you really mean to fight this man to-morrow? Do you—if, by the way, you survive”—this struck home I saw,—“mean to propose to Miss Fitzsimmons? Do you, if so, expect to get accepted? How, in case she should marry you, do you propose to support her? And finally, is the game worth the candle?”

“A pretty long bill to fill, faith. I mean, Ned, to fight this man to-morrow; I mean (if God spares me) to propose to Miss Fitzsimmons; I mean to get accepted; I mean to support her by—by—dash it! amn't I young and strong, and haven't I a diploma in my pocket?—and—and—I haven't taken this, of course, into consideration, but old man Fitzsimmons is

worth five 'oughts if he's worth three ha'-pence, and has only the one child. As to your final very vulgar query—which, if I did right, I wouldn't condescend to notice—just you wait till you see Clara Agatha."

"May I, Dick, as your sincerest old friend, express my opinion candidly on the business?"

"My dear Ned, your opinion is what I most eagerly desire. Give it unreservedly, Ned, and you'll do me a signal service. Your opinion always had and always shall have weight with me, you know that, Ned."

"Well, my opinion, given, as you require it, candidly and unreservedly, is that you are acting the part of an unmitigated idiot!"

"That's enough, Ned, that's enough!"

"And if I'm going to be your second in this ridiculous shindy, I feel it my first duty to ask you for God's sake try and slip out of it honorably without throwing away a ha'penny-worth of powder. I shall enlist O'Shaughnessy's second to help me squelch the nonsense."

"Then, I'll ask you, Ned, if you don't desire to act the part of a friend, to say so promptly and stand aside."

"Dick O'Hara, you've often heard that every man in love is——"

"A man in madness. I know that. Then have the kindness to humor me as you would a madman, will you?"

"The best token of kindness I could bestow on you is a straight-waistcoat. It's my veritable belief that this latest angel of yours has—I'll not say trapped you; that would imply that she had supposed you to have a glimmering of common sense—not trapped you, but laid salt on your tail and caught you."

"I do like your verdure, Ned Managhan, there's something so delightfully refreshing about it: a young lady, the acknowledged beauty of the barony, with a dower for a modest princess, trapped me! Ha! ha! ha! What's this to do! Well, well, Ned. Then I take it that you won't act as my second?"

"You take it wrongly then, I shall."

"Honor bright? Give us your fist. Good old Ned! I expected you would rally me this way."

"I'll humor you to the top of your bent."

"No parleying now, Ned, for a compromise."

"Not if the other fellow was sure to put as many holes through you as a tin strainer. It shall give me a melancholy pleasure, too, to attend before the coroner and identify the deceased. And I shall do my best to secure that the jury adds a rider to the verdict saying that to the best of their belief deceased induced his own death whilst temporarily insane."

"Have your joke, Ned. I'm sorry I don't feel like laughing with you now—but, please Providence, to-morrow—to-morrow!"

I saw O'Shaughnessy's man, and we finally arranged matters. I was burning with anxiety to get a peep at the angel who was the cause of all the infernal ruction, and my anxiety was speedily allayed, for even as I sat with this gentleman in his room he called me hastily to the window and pointed out two young ladies who were sailing down the street, telling me that the one on the far side was Miss Fitzsimmons, and her companion Miss Kinnane. I got a good, satisfactory look at her as she came along and, passing by the house, went out toward the county. "By George!" I then said to myself, "and that's Dick's angel!" She was a tall, firmly built lassie; muscular, I should say; hair neither fair nor black, but between the two; features (like the figure) not strikingly angelic, the cheek-bones particularly being rather more prominent than, I should fancy, is fashionable among angels; she walked with a swagger; and might pass in a crowd without inducing severe criticism. That was the most I could say for Dick's angel.

I learnt that the angel, of course (as was only becoming in an angel), knew nothing of the bloody deed that was being hatched; though Kitty Kinnane kept herself informed—but that was another matter.

I couldn't get Dick to bed till after one o'clock that night. "Of course nothing is going to happen of consequence," he said to me with great gravity; "but all the same, there's nothing like being prepared for even remote possibilities." Consequently he wrote a long letter to his mother, and an even longer one to Clara Agatha. He read over to me this latter; and it was very affecting: Dick dropped

three big tears on it and then closed it. He locked both letters in his box, and gave me custody of the key. He also gave me some verbal messages, not only for his mother and Clara, but for several old chums. This disagreeable business over, he brightened up, and, with his slippers on the fender, sat for an hour talking with me over old times.

We had much trouble stealing off unknown to Mrs. Hayes; but we were on the sod first in the morning. Dick, he attempted to whistle jigs and other lively airs; but despite strenuous efforts on his part all of them glided away into the air of a dead march. He tried several jokes, too, but they were ghastly failures. O'Shaughnessy and his man just missed being late. I was sorely pressed to burst a-laughing when I saw the appearance of him. He looked like a last month's corpse who had been forced to leave the graveyard much against his will. The face of him would have made an undertaker's fortune. He mightn't have been frightened though, for he was so long and thin that you might as well be shooting at a shovel-shaft. It was a study to see him when his man placed him and put the barker in his hands. He pointed the pistol right ahead, and gazed away as far as he could twist himself in the other direction. "For the sake of Heaven" Dick whispered to me, "make the idiot lower that pistol—he'll let it off before he knows and shoot me in cold blood." We lowered O'Shaughnessy's pistol whilst directions should be given to them. O'Shaughnessy's second was to drop his handkerchief as the signal, and then both fire together—though, if he wanted his man to catch this signal, he'd need to go off and take up his position on top of the hill sideways in the distance.

That Dick was thoroughly nervous and uncomfortable couldn't be denied; but he made a brave, if only partially successful, effort to subdue or conceal it.

"Ready?"

"Ready!" Dick replied, with a slight tremor in his voice. He was looking away into space over O'Shaughnessy's head.

O'Shaughnessy, still absorbed in the study of the hills, and with pistol pointed and covering the landscape generally in its wobbling career, answered:

"Re-read—Stop! Stop! I was entirely in the wrong! I'll apologize!"

I overheard poor Dick mutter under his breath a heartfelt, sincere "Thank God!" He was elated.

"Ned, my dearest, best friend, Ned, he must consent to write an apology from my dictation."

There was very little difficulty in getting O'Shaughnessy's consent to this stipulation. He would have signed his own death-warrant, if it had been demanded.

"Ned, my dear fellow, congratulate me. Clara Agatha is mine this day." Dick was inclined to become frisky on the field. He would have stood on his head with delight if I hadn't sternly repressed him.

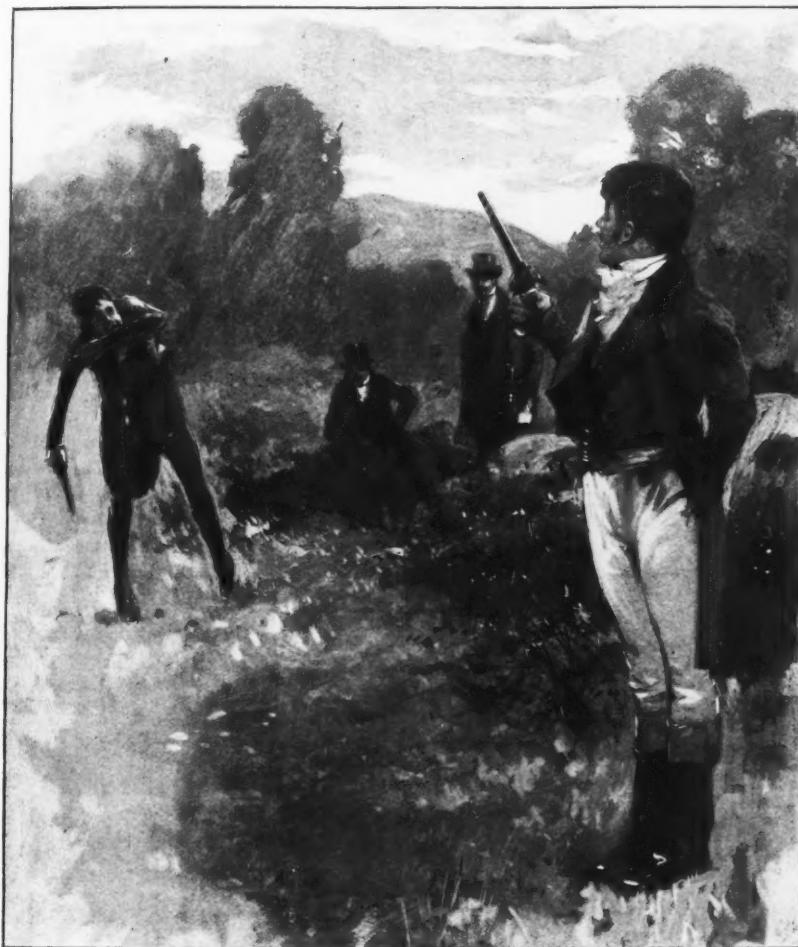
O'Shaughnessy's apology was the most complete and abject that it has ever been my lot to see upon paper. He shook hands with Dick and begged to have his forgiveness. Dick was extravagantly generous; freely and heartily forgave O'Shaughnessy for acts and word that only Dick himself had been guilty of.

Dick immediately enclosed the apology to Miss Fitzsimmons, with a brief note begging to know how soon he might call upon her, as he had something of the most urgent importance to say to her.

He was, then, like a hen on a hot griddle till the messenger returned with her reply. Dick burst it open; it said:

"My dear Mr. O'Hara

"I am really thankful to learn that you made that horrid man apologize so humbly for his frightful conduct on Thursday evening week, last. It was just awful of him to carry on as he did. I am so glad! I must feel very, very thankful to you for taking my hurt feelings so much into consideration. I am just bursting to know what it is you have got to say to me—I know it is a new interpretation you have discovered of some beautiful line in that dear, dear, old Tom Moore—and I would make you come up to-day, and instantly, too, to tell it to me, only I am *so* busy arranging for my wedding trousseau. Of course you have heard that I consented last night to marry Mr. Garaghan of Cornamuck—he is such a dear, delightful man. But this is only tiresome to you, you must come up to-morrow and delight me with that grand



Drawn by Thomas Fogarty.

STOP! STOP! I WAS ENTIRELY IN THE WRONG."

new interpretation—I know it will be delightful. And, of course, your dear name is the very, very first on my list of wedding-guests. To-morrow, remember, early. Till then—

Ever yours,

"Clara Agatha.

"P.S.—Don't forget—*to-morrow*. C.A.

"P.P.S.—Is it really a good interpretation? Don't forget. C. A."

"Dick," I said, when I found he had sufficiently recovered, "who *is* this Garaghan of Cornamuck?"

"Oh, don't ask me, Ned! He's as lame, crooked, and ugly as sin, and three score and ten years of age—but has no end of money he made out of pigs. Excuse me putting such a question, Ned, but what day do you start for Dublin again?"

"Why, Dick?"

"Because—ah—on the whole I think I'm not destined to shine as a locum tenens in Clare. So I'd like to join you."

"Public opinion, Dick?"

"No, no! far worse! Mrs. Hayes's opinion!"



THE LITERARY INDUSTRY.

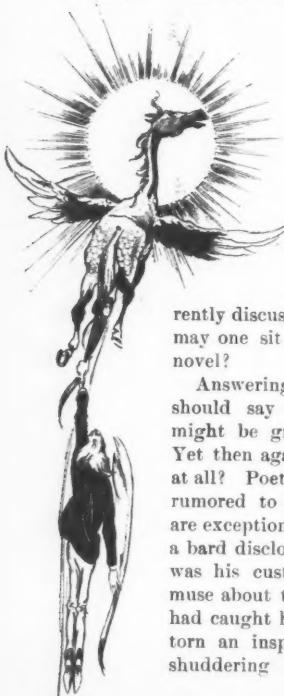
From the tons of manuscript which we see daily dumped on editorial desks, we are forced to assume that precisely, as is the case with patent medicines and pretty girls, the production of literature is a national industry. In the circumstances, consideration is due to a conundrum recently concocted and currently discussed, to wit: How may one sit down and write a novel?

Answering off hand, we should say that the process might be gradual or abrupt. Yet then again, why sit down at all? Poets, for instance, are rumored to soar. But there are exceptions. Not long ago a bard disclosed to us that it was his custom to chase the muse about the house until he had caught her, felled her and torn an inspiration from her shuddering breast. We ad-

mired him very much. Another whom we questioned declared that he batted verse off on a typewriter. We thought him a very vulgar person. Behind the fan the other evening a lady confided to us that she wrote with her nerves. The statement seemed indelicate—it may not have been, but no mere man ever knows what a woman means—and we changed the subject. Journalists whom it has been our privilege to encounter write in any attitude that an editor may wish. They cannot produce a thing though, unless a check is first waved at them, which shows their limitations. But among authors of repute we have noticed a growing tendency to stand up and dictate, and that, we take it, is the proper caper.

The premise accepted, another query remains to be resolved. By the consumer at large what form of the national industry is in most demand?

According to the latest crop reports the pseudo-historical novel is firm. On every break the market strikes buying orders and rebounds. Futures in prime western stories are active and higher. Dialect messes in tubs, fresh or fancy, slack. June poems, spot, No. 2, in elevator, $\frac{1}{2}$ lower. The available supply of poppycock east of the Rockies has increased two million five hundred and twenty-five thousand bushels. In dressed essays no sales



reported. Boer articles heavy. Magazine tales in barrels unchanged.

There you have the last bulletin. It is quite concise, but not



entirely clear, and possibly cooked. We are in the business ourselves, not entirely for the hygiene of it either, and experience has made us skeptic. In our opinion that bulletin is not merely cooked; it is crooked.

Where, for instance, are the Hundred Best Books of which we used to hear so much and see so little? Have they been bought in by the Vanderbilts, the Standard Oil people and other financiers equally phantasmal? Not a bit of it. They are as much of a drug on the market as before. Besides, they are misnamed. They are not the best books. In every list of them Darwin comes first, with Hegel for second choice. Who is it that frequents these seers? There are, we are aware, persons who pretend to. But they take it out in pretending. They avoid them with solemn care.

The products which sell, and which the bulletin we have cited conceals, are not these. In any catalogue of the liveliest of them we should place a cook-book first. Fashion plates and Bradstreet ratings we should strew along the line. That line is reinforceable with encyclopedias and ready references of every kind. These, together with little treatises on how to behave, how to succeed, how to get along without a

doctor, how to know enough to come in when it rains, are the grist in the American mill.

This is all wrong, of course. Everybody should have a pocket edition of Darwin and take "The Descent of Man" to bed. But the average reader won't. A knowledge of the financial standing of his associates stimulates him more than theories on their problematic descent.

For idle moments there is the pseudo-historical novel and the other cereals which the bulletin quotes. The demand for these ranges from fair to steady. They are one of the sources of national wealth. In the circumstances, we fail to see why the mon-

eyed interests that have neglected the best books should not form a trust of the worst, acquire a monopoly of authors, and, on what the latter stand up and dictate, issue scrip and convertible bonds.

We might take stock in them then, which is more than we can do at present. EDGAR SALTUS.

* * *



THE POPPYCOCK.

The Poppycock's a fowl of English breed,
And therefore many think him fine indeed.
Credulous people's ears he would regale,
And so he crows aloud and spreads his tale.
But he is stuffed with vain and worthless words;
Fine feathers do not always make fine birds.

CAROLYN WELLS.



LIFE'S CAR.

“Hurry up!”

No lingering by old doors of doubt,
No loitering by the way;
No waiting a To-morrow Car
Here comes along To-day;
Success is somewhere down the track;
Before the chance is gone
Accelerate your laggard pace;
Swing on, I say, swing on.
Hurry up!

“Step lively!”

Belated souls are following fast;
They shout and signal “Wait!”
Conductor Time brooks no delay;
He rings the bell of Fate;
But you can give the man behind,
With one hand on the bar,
A final chance to trick defeat
And board the moving car.
Step lively!

“Move up!”

Make way for others as you sit,
Or stand! This crowded earth
Has room for every journeying soul
En route to Higher Birth.
Aye, room and comfort if no one
Took double share or space,
Nor let his greed and selfishness
Absorb another's place.
Move up!

“Hold fast!”

The jolting switch of Obstacles
With jarring rails is near;
Stand firm of foot, be strong of grip,
Brace well, and have no fear.
The Maker of the Car of Life
Foresaw that curve—Despair—
And hung the straps of FAITH and
WILL
So you might grasp them there.
Hold fast!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



The campaign of American women-travelers against the odious baggage inspection system in our custom-houses promises to be as effective as any movement can be which does not aim at revision of the tariff. Women-travelers who consider themselves to have been ill-used have organized in many of the larger cities and made formal and emphatic complaint to the new Secretary of the Treasury, setting forth their grievances and demanding relief. Secretary Shaw has shown himself appreciative of the fact that there are just grounds of complaint, and willing, so far as he can, to do away with them. He has sent out circulars asking for specific statements of unnecessary hardships suffered by travelers and for suggestions which may help him to better the service without ignoring the law. The reply of the Boston women to this circular is particularly apposite and illuminating. They declare, first, against the law which allows passengers to bring in duty-free no more than one hundred dollars worth of goods bought abroad. That limit, they say, is absurdly and unreasonably low. So it is, and on that point Secretary Shaw is said to agree with his petitioners. If an arbitrary limit is set, it should be two or three times as high as the present law provides. What the Boston women prefer is that the hundred-





dollar limit provision should be repealed and the old McKinley tariff rule reinstated.

They complain, further, of the exactation of full duties on clothing which has been long in use. They point out that when trunks are

searched the contents are often damaged and carelessly put back, and they ask that, if the examination must be made, expert packers shall be provided to repack the trunks at a moderate charge. Finally they ask for courteous treatment from the customs officers and request the presence on the docks of officials especially appointed, who shall be authorized to see that the inspectors are courteous and to receive the complaints of passengers who have complaints to make.

All these requests and protests seem intelligent and reasonable, and no doubt the Secretary has given them due consideration. The root of all the evil is that the tariff on most commodities is much too high; but, though the law which

subjects travelers to exactions that are grievous must be carried out rigidly enough to discourage lying and smuggling, it is surely possible to execute it with less distress to its victims than has been done during the last two years. Such unanimity

of protest and complaint as has come from our steamship wharves, and especially from those in New York, means a bad system and bad service.

WARD SANDFORD.



In 1863 Walt Whitman lived in Washington. He roomed with a young fellow named John Burroughs; and in the same house, stored snugly in the garret, were Maurice Bucke and Peter Doyle.

Maurice and Walt were nurses in the army hospital, John was a clerk in the Treasury Department, and Pete drove a bob-tail car on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Pete made more money than all three; he got a hundred dollars a month.

In way of recreation Walt used to ride back and forth with Pete on the bob-tail car. The line ran then just from the White House to the Capitol and no further. Walt would stand out in front and brace himself with his foot on the dash and watch the motor power, which was a mule, and the procession; and sometimes Pete would give Walt his stool to sit on.

One fine day as Walt was riding out there in front, Pete said to Walt (who rode on an annual—and bob-tail—issued by Pete), "Walt, I've just got my month's pay, a hundred dollars. You better take care of the money; I don't get off until 'leven, and there is a bad crowd around the barns."

Walt took the roll, promising to take care of it.

At the next crossing Walt stepped inside and made his way through the crowded car for the purpose of alighting. Several passengers were hanging on to the straps.

One of these, a drunken fellow, bumped into Walt. Profuse apologies followed. Walt excused the delinquent, got off and went home. As he climbed the stairs he felt in his pocket for the roll of bills.

The money was gone.

Soon Maurice came in, and Walt told his tale of woe.

Then John arrived, and listened to the story. John took the bull boldly by the

horns, and proposed that they all chip in, making good the loss, and never let Pete know. They emptied their pockets on the table. The total sum realized was nine dollars and twenty cents.

Maurice and Walt had no income, and John would not get his pay for three weeks. In the meantime Pete might demand his money, or part of it.

They all had goose-flesh. For four days there were spasms of alarm, followed by chills and fever. They watched Pete with stealthy gaze; they sought to divert him, to amuse him; they told jokes in a way that bordered on hysteria, and related pathetic things that happened in the hospitals. But one day they all decided that Pete was about to ask for fifty dollars. All signs pointed that way. The issue must be met.

Maurice volunteered to tell Pete frankly the plain and simple truth.

When Pete came in, Maurice coughed—and his heart failed him.



"You tell him," said Maurice to John.

"What's the matter with you three fools?" demanded Pete. "Here you have all been acting for a week like a mule that was looed—out with it!"

"We lost your money!" yelled the three men in one voice.

"Oh," said Pete, "I thought something had happened!"

"But the money!"

"Oh, the money, eh!—damn the money. I didn't want the blame stuff, anyway. Is supper ready?"

Walt and Maurice are sleeping their long sleep.

John lives up at Slabsides, raises celery and writes books about birds and things.

Pete is a baggage-man at the Grand Central Station, New York. Pete goes up to see John once in a while, but does not stay long; it is too quiet at Slabsides. He wants to hear the rush of traffic, the roar

of tramping feet and the hiss of the steam. He was always in the transportation business; he used to drive a bob-tail car on Pennsylvania Avenue.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

* * * *

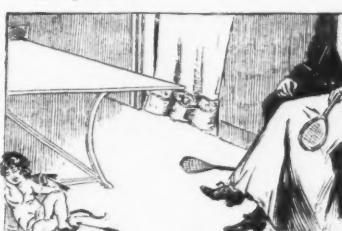


Oh, say,
Do you play
Ping Pong?
What's Ping Pong?
Pshaw, go 'long!
It's Me;
See?

The latest game that's captured fame;
The freshest fad that may be had,
And everybody's got me bad.
From India's icy mountains
To Greenland's coral reef.
The way they're playing Ping Pong
Surpasses all belief.

I come from China, as it appears,
Where Pigtailed have Ping-ponged
For a thousand years;
And going to Britain,
The English grabbed
Me up in a way
They've always nabbed
Whatever they wanted: and p d q
I jumped from the ancient into the new.
Then the Yankees caught on,
And I'm to-day
The only game that is fit to play.
Gee whiz!

If you don't know what Ping Pong is
You'd better learn,
If you want to earn
Your title clear
To mansions in the best set,
For you'll never get
There if you don't;
And you won't



Ever be IT
If you don't Ping Pong a little bit.
I may modestly state
That I am great.
But, in confidence now,
I do not see how
Everyone is so stuck on Me,
Unless it must be
That they have the worst
Kind of a thirst
For some thing new.
And Ping Pong, between Me and you,
Is the only quencher they can get.
But what's that to me?
Hully gee!
They may ping the pong
All day long.
And pong the ping
Like everything.
And the pinger and the pounger.



In Ping Pong garments gowned,
May ping their little rackets
And pong the balls around,
And talk about Ping-ponging
To those who do not play,
Until they have them cussing
This cycle of Cathay,
And I won't say a word.
But yet
We can not forget
The old-time table tenuis,
Which did not bear the name
Of Fashion's favorite Ping Pong,
But got there just the same.
Ding Dong! Ding Dong!
Ring out the old, ring in the new.
Ping Pong! Ping Pong!
They've really nothing else to do
But Me,
See?

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

* * * *

MOVING DAY. The "summer exodus" is characterized by big trunks. It travels over the sea or by steamer on a thousand inland waterways. It is joyous and democratic.

The spring movers are not, as a rule, the owners of homes. If they once were they have ceased to be, if they now are they were not before, and their mode of travel is by van. As May first is the accepted day, it chances by one of the pathetic coincidences of literature that "Call me early, mother dear," has a sinister mean-

ing in a hundred thousand homes when associated with this poetic date.

Abstractions never remove their effects in vans. Art, music, literature and the drama yesterday pervaded the town; to-day they are gone. Ragtime jiggles and jingles where the rhythmical pulse of music had been; the niche of the brain which literature had filled is let out to silliness and to flashing blades and beating hearts; vaudeville skips and dances where once the drama had stalked. Art alone shuts up her galleries as if she might return; all the others belong, plainly, to the spring movers.

The conclusion is inevitable but pathetic. They haven't a permanent home. In the starry stillness of the first hot spring night they fly away, leaving their apartments to let, and their successors, as ever with spring movers, lack reverence. With the rising thermometer it can be confessed that higher temperature is fatal to a "higher life," and thus among the spring movers is all that is best in art, literature, music and the drama. We should picture the muses with furs.

CHARLES M. ROBINSON.

* * * *



THE THIRD SEX.

M. Hugues Le Roux, the distinguished French writer, grieves over the existence in France of the "third sex," as he calls women who do not want to marry or to rear children. The blame for this "third sex," of which he earnestly disapproves, he lays partly on the French system of marrying for money, which deters men from marrying portionless girls, and partly on the system of education which has produced the young woman who is still unmarried at thirty and likely to remain so. He says she does not want to marry, and he claims to speak out of a large experience, for he says he once gave



THE ARTS DESERT THE CITY.

out in a Paris newspaper that he would give advice to unmarried women and that hundreds of them brought their cases to him. He reports, sadly, that they all told about the same story. Getting out of school at twenty, they diverted themselves with social occupations and pleasures, intending to marry presently, but putting it off. By the time they were twenty-five they had acquired a lively appreciation of the blessings of personal liberty and had begun to feel sorry for young things who were tied to husbands and nurseries. They also grew more and more critical about men. Still unmarried at thirty, they began to realize that they had missed something that was valuable and that marriage is only a means, not an end. M. Le Roux's remedy for the existence of this "third sex," which is not married, does not wish to be, and still realizes that it is not well off, is such a change of ideals as will develop courage in men to take wives without money and willingness in young women to forego ease and luxury. He hopes this remedy is in process of development and application in France. Let us, too, hope so, for the situation it is expected to meet is getting common in this country, too.

Marriage on a business basis is not so frankly negotiated here as in France, but we have the conditions which lead to such customs. The standard of living

keeps rising, the cost of the reasonable comforts, and even necessities, of life goes on increasing. Even the more successful of the young men who have to earn their own living find themselves well past thirty before they think they can afford to marry. Young women comfortably maintained at home are naturally reluctant to risk a manner of life too strongly contrasted with what they are used to. This reluctance their parents usually encourage, and, unless there chances to be a happy concurrence of fiscal eligibility and personal attractiveness in the same suitor, the years when it is easy to marry pass and the critical attitude follows. No doubt rejecting offers gets to be a habit with women, just as stifling the impulses to courtship may become a habit with prudent young men. In the matter of marrying, nothing venture means certain loss, though, of course, the risk, if taken, does not insure certain gain. The poor can marry young because the wife does the work of the house, the rich can marry young because they are rich, the middle people, who are neither rich nor self-helpful enough to cook their own dinners, have a much harder time of it, and many of them marry late and some never. But let us not despair. A lot of people get married somehow and manage to pull through, and the adventurous in time fill the gaps left by the prudent. If indiscretion will save society, society in America, at least, will not perish for some time to come, and we will hope with M. Le Roux that it may yet be developed in France in sufficient volume to save France.

WARD SANDFORD.

MEN, WOMEN AND EVENTS.



JOHN P. ALTGELD.

I should like not to say anything about the late Governor Altgeld. I am aware that he was without doubt the most unpopular man who was ever in American public life.

His unpopularity extends even to those who would say a word about him after his death. But it would be such a cowardly thing to refrain from paying a tribute that is absolutely deserved, because it means that a certain number of my readers will stop their subscriptions or lose confidence in the judgment of the editor. I have had the good fortune to know personally nearly every public man of the past quarter of a century. I have never known any man who more nearly approached the ideal of absolute integrity and unselfishness than the late Governor Altgeld. Without arguing whether what he believed was good or bad, we must recognize that the man himself was guided at all times by the strictest sense of justice and duty, even to the extent of sacrificing first his reputation, then his fortune and lastly his life. Before I had ever met him, I asked Charles Page Bryan, later appointed by Mr. McKinley as minister to Brazil, but then a Republican member of the Illinois legislature: "What kind of a man is this fellow, Altgeld?" "An absolutely honest man," he replied. "He stands with his hand firmly on the throat of the thieves who would rob the state. I have no question that he could have half a million at any time if he would turn his back and ignore the attempts which are being made on the state treasury." This, from a staunch Republican, interested me, and later on, while en route across the continent, a telegram to Governor Altgeld brought an invitation to meet him in Chicago.

The preceding day there had been a Democratic convention in Michigan. The papers of the morning contained an account of how the delegates had sold themselves after adjourning the convention in order to permit the bribery to be consummated. It seemed at that time as if the spirit of corruption was over everything. Both national parties were in the hands of men who apparently proposed to use them to advance private interests.

I found a sick man sitting in a deep

chair, his head thrown forward, looking the picture of dejection, a grave, severe face, a cut lip which would have been disfigurement without the intellectual head above. I have seldom seen a more hopeless man. At that time he had been misrepresented, in the vilest terms, in two-thirds of the press of the United States. To read the accounts you would have believed him low, illiterate, dishonest and capable of almost any crime. He himself recognized that, in administering with the highest intentions the duties of his office, he had drawn upon himself a hatred that had never been equalled in American politics. He also knew that he had lost his fortune and recognized that his health was gone, and on the day in question it seemed as if such efforts as he had made had been entirely in vain.

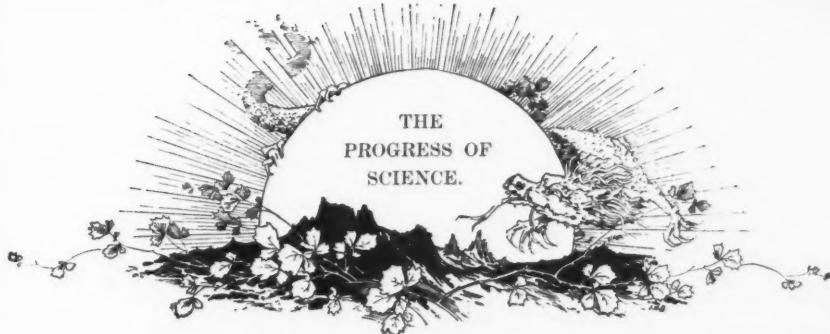
It was impossible for me to estimate truly at this time the great soul of this man. I am thankful, however, that I, in some measure, gaged his real character and that I sought every occasion afterwards to see more of the man and have the opportunity to hear him discourse. I can say now, in all sincerity, that I believe him to have been absolutely true to his ideal of justice and human brotherhood at every moment of his career. Without a single one of the arts of the orator, he stood upon the platform, gloomy and forbidding, while he held his audiences spellbound by the force of his splendid intellect.

And what a death!

A soldier of humanity with armour on, standing in the foremost ranks, defending the cause he loved above all others, these were his dying words: "I am not discouraged. Things will right themselves. A pendulum swings one way and then another, but the steady pull of gravitation is toward the center of the earth. Any structure must be plumb if it is to endure. So it is with nations. Wrong may seem to triumph; right may seem to be defeated; but the gravitation of eternal justice is upward toward the throne of God. Any political institution, if it is to endure, must be plumb with that line of justice."

Then he fell to the platform, and, with one word of recollection for his wife, the end had come. Was ever before a devoted life rewarded with a more magnificent death?

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.



THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

EDITED BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Progress of the War on Consumption.

ments of Dr. Koch in the manufacture of a lymph to cure consumption, many other alleged cures for that disease have been announced. Within the last ten years more new methods have been devised for dealing with consumption than with any other human ailment. Among the most recent of these is the treatment applied by a Brooklyn physician, Dr. Barney, who lately won notoriety by inoculating a girl with consumption germs from a cow, and then, as he averred, curing her, after the disease had taken hold in her system, by his process, which consists essentially in making the patient breathe prepared, medicated air while enclosed in a cabinet. Somewhat similar to this, at least in the use of an air-tight chamber, is the plan of Dr. Reynolds, who puts his patients in a chamber of rarefied atmosphere situated on the roof of a tall New York building. The idea seems to be that the rarefaction of air encountered on high mountains can thus be imitated, and mountain air has a good reputation in cases of consumption. But on a mountain-top the proportion of oxygen in the air is smaller than in the valleys, so that, unless this is artificially regulated, the partially exhausted chamber does not absolutely reproduce mountain conditions. But the alleged cure does not depend entirely on breathing rarefied air. An apparatus is also used for forcing air at high pressure into the lungs.

Dr. Cyrus Edson of New York is credited with a consumption cure, the principal

ingredient of the medicine being chemically pure phenol.

Among other alleged and suggested cures are tent-life in the open air, which is not a new idea, although it has been practised in some improved forms; the use of electricity of high voltage, a suggestion attributed to Nikola Tesla; the inhalation of formalin gas, and the pumping of nitrogen gas into the pleural sac surrounding a deceased lung, a method pursued by Dr. Murphy of Chicago.

Improvements in Road-Making.

Some astonishing facts have been developed by the Office of Road Inquiry of the Department of Agriculture. Who would have supposed, for instance, that bad roads are so costly in comparison with good ones as to increase the expense of moving farm products and supplies threefold? Yet such is the truth, and it is estimated that the money thus thrown away more than equals, in the aggregate, the entire expenses of the United States government! On the average American road it costs twenty-five cents per ton to move produce one mile; on good roads the cost is only eight cents.

The Road Office finds the macadam road superior to all others. Powerful machinery for road-building has recently been devised, such as an elevating grader, capable of lifting earth from cuts and dropping it into wagons with great rapidity.

A very interesting style of road now used in several western and middle states possesses a double steel track, laid in a concrete

bed, each rail being eight inches wide, with a flange on the inner side, the space between the rail being such as to suit all standard-gauge vehicles. On these roads loads are drawn with surprising ease and swiftness. One instance is recorded in which a single horse drew a load of eleven tons, which could only be moved on an ordinary road by twenty horses. The steel-track roads vary in cost from fifteen hundred dollars to thirty-five hundred dollars per mile.

Can Life Be Prolonged?

It may not please the scientific instincts of Professor Jacques Loeb of the University of Chicago if he hears himself described as a modern Ponce de Leon, but that is certainly the aspect in which his discoveries concerning the basal phenomena of life present him to the popular imagination. Not that there is any suggestion of Quixotism, or vain credulity, in his case. In that respect he bears no resemblance whatever to the adventurous Spaniard, whose romantic search for the Fountain of Youth in the New World's "land of flowers" furnished history with one of its most fascinating chapters. Professor Loeb's complexion is not that of a man easily fooled, and in these things temperament is as important as genius. He is cautious, painstaking, and thoroughly imbued with the clear spirit of scientific investigation—That was made evident during his recent lectures at Columbia University.

But it is invariably the case that a man who announces the opening of a new road in science is regarded by the popular mind, which ever grasps after vivid conceptions and exciting conclusions, as having already reached the farthest termination of that road. The fancy looks out to the end, and does not stop to consider the length of the way or its difficulties. And so the possibility suggested by Professor Loeb's discoveries, that human science may be able to stay the process of death and, more or less, to prolong the opposed process of life, is translated into an all but accomplished fact. The vast difference between prolonging the life of the unfertilized eggs of a sea-urchin and multiplying the years of a creature so highly organized as man is forgotten, and the wish becomes father to the conviction that the scientific

Fountain of Youth has actually been discovered.

This was clearly shown by the attitude of mind of many of the lay attendants at Professor Loeb's Columbia lectures. They did not exactly follow his technical descriptions of laboratory facts and methods, but their attention was unflagging, because they felt that the lecturer had his hand upon the key to the great secret of life and death, which interests everybody equally.

And, in fact, there is ground for this. Professor Loeb has performed the apparent miracle of parthenogenesis, the subjects of his successful experiments being the unfertilized eggs of sea-urchins. With a certain solution of salts he has given to such germ cells that touch of life which only the contact of the male sperm cell has heretofore seemed able to impart, and thus has caused them to grow and develop exactly as they would have done if nature's complete process of fertilization had been carried out.

And he has also performed the other apparent miracle of arresting indefinitely the process of death in the same subjects, by the influence of potassium cyanide. He has thus proved that death can at least be checked. What marvel of science he, his associates, and his successors may succeed in erecting upon this basis only the future can know.

What Is Fear?

Among the many speculations suggested, or encouraged, by the recent surprising developments of wireless telegraphy, none perhaps is more startling than that of Mr. A. F. Collins, who writes in "The Electrical World and Engineer" of his experiments on the brains of animals, with regard to their sensitiveness to electric waves. The very first conclusion at which he arrives suggests a striking resemblance between the brain and the coherer used in wireless telegraphy.

The coherer, it will be remembered, is a little glass tube, containing some loose metallic powder which, in its ordinary condition, is virtually a non-conductor of electricity. But, when electric waves fall upon it the powder becomes polarized, the particles cohere, and a current passes.

Now, according to Mr. Collins, the cells

of the brain act under the influence of electric waves very much like the particles of metallic powder in a coherer. They, too, "cohere" and give passage to currents of electricity affecting the nerves. Mr. Collins's experiments were conducted principally with the brains of dead animals, but, in one instance, at least, with the brain of a living cat, and he avers that the cohesion takes place in a living brain as readily as in a dead one.

To this asserted influence of electric waves he ascribes the sensation ordinarily defined as fear, and he adds "that this condition" (*i.e.*, a state of electric coherence) "prevails when the brain-cells, or the nervous system, or both, are in a state of disorder."

Another highly interesting conclusion is that death by lightning, in some cases, may be produced by the violent nervous symptoms resulting from the influence upon the brain of the large electric waves of the lightning discharge. Mr. Collins instances a case of death, following a bolt of lightning striking a horse a quarter of a mile distant, which he thinks could only have resulted from the action of electric waves on the brain of the victim. The instinctive fear caused by lightning would seem to be a symptom of the influence of such waves.

These experiments inevitably suggest to the readers thoughts about such phenomena as telepathy, thought transference, etc. If the brain really does act like the coherer in a wireless telegraph apparatus by detecting and registering the passage of electric undulations in the ether, who can say where the limit to its power of receiving impressions capable of being transmitted into knowledge should be set? The writer of the next story about the wonders of another world, more advanced than ours, might do well to depict its inhabitants receiving and reading wireless telegrams from the antipodes in *their brains*, without the intervention of any apparatus.

Light on Astronomical Mysteries.

The Swedish chemist Arrhenius has recently put forth a comprehensive theory which explains a great many of the standing mysteries and puzzles of astronomy upon a single principle. This prin-

ciple is "the pressure of light." Clerk Maxwell showed mathematically that, according to the electro-magnetic theory of light, every ray of light must exert pressure upon any surface where it impinges. The actual existence of such pressure has recently been proved by the experiments of Arrhenius and others, and its amount turns out to be very close to that predicted by Maxwell. Since light exerts pressure it is evident that in the case of sunlight the direction of the pressure is away from the sun; that is, in opposition to the sun's gravitation. Upon bodies of appreciable mass the influence of gravitation so far exceeds that of the light-pressure that they fall swiftly toward the sun. But, inasmuch as the force of gravity varies with the cube, and the light-pressure with the square, of the diameter of the body concerned, there must be a point where both will be equal, and if the size of the body diminishes beyond that point, the light-pressure will exceed gravitation, and then the body or particle, for by this time it must have become an invisible speck—will fly away from the sun instead of falling toward it.

Broadly speaking, any particles less than one thousandth of a millimetre in diameter will be driven off by the pressure of light from the sun.

This fact being established, it is only necessary to suppose, with Arrhenius, that the vaporized particles of a comet's tail are below the critical size, in order to see that they must be driven away from the comet's head as the latter approaches the sun, and thus is explained the origin and phenomena of comets' tails, which always point away from the sun, no matter what the position of the head may be.

In a similar manner, upon the hypothesis of particles swept off by the pressure of light, we have an explanation of the coronal streams that surround the sun. Such particles, bearing charges of negative electricity and entering the upper regions of the earth's atmosphere, produce the luminous banners and streamers of the aurora borealis.

All suns in an active condition must drive off swarms of electrified particles or atoms. These, plunging, like an incessant rain into the vast masses of cold gases that

we all call nebulae, cause an electric glow, resembling that in a vacuum tube, and thus, according to Arrhenius, is explained the luminosity without heat that characterizes the nebulae.

Gathering Wealth from the Land.

One of the sights of the South is the region of the rice fields, in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana and Texas. Here, on not more than one hundred and fifty thousand acres, fully one hundred and fifty million pounds of cleaned rice are annually produced, an average of one thousand pounds to the acre. The rice plantations lie in the neighborhood of rivers, from which the water needed to flood the land can be easily drawn. Each plantation is surrounded with a canal and an embankment. Smaller canals cut the whole area up into strips eight or ten yards wide. In winter the fields are flooded; early in the spring they are drained and harrowed; later, the seed is sown; after the rice has sprouted and put forth two leaves the land is flooded again for a month; then comes another draining, followed by hoeing and weeding; after that there is another flooding, the water being frequently changed, until the rice is ready for the harvest. On some plantations the method of cultivation varies from this, but flooding is everywhere practiced. The harvest usually falls in August. In Texas and Louisiana there are now more than one hundred canals and pumping-stations, each capable of flooding a thousand acres of rice. These are owned by irrigation companies, which supply the water as needed to the rice-farmers. The large canals run along ridges above the general surface of the country, so that the flow through the lateral canals is easy and rapid. The Department of Agriculture estimates that the Gulf states contain three million acres of land suitable for growing rice, so that only one-twentieth of the available area is now under cultivation.

Marconi's Epoch-Making Trip.

A more dramatic reply to skeptical critics has seldom been given than that of Guglielmo Marconi to those who questioned whether he had actually received in Newfoundland last winter wire-

less signals transmitted across the Atlantic from Cornwall in England. Mr. Marconi's answer was not an asseveration, but an achievement which outdid its predecessor. The signals in Newfoundland had crossed between one thousand seven hundred and one thousand eight hundred miles of open ocean, with a stormy atmosphere above and wind-driven surges below, and had been caught by wires elevated on tugging and diving kites, and so transmitted to a telephone receiver, where the inventor and his assistant heard their faint, but insistent, tapping, spelling in the language of telegraphy the letter "S."

At a critical moment the straining kites broke away, and the experiment was not carried out as completely as had been intended. There were many who doubted if a mistake had not been made. At any rate, the doubt found abundant and, in some quarters, emphatic expression.

Mr. Marconi said little, but those who knew him could guess what his reply would be. He sailed for England. In a month or so he came back. The steamship "Philadelphia," which carried him on his return, won a renown that will enshrine her name in the annals of science for a thousand years. Mr. Marconi had left directions with his assistants at the station in Cornwall, near Penzance, to send out over the ocean, not mere signals, but words, sentences, messages—to send them largely and boldly for hearers and readers a thousand or two thousand miles away. Then he arranged a receiving apparatus on the ship and sailed for New York.

He did not trouble himself about messages until the "Philadelphia" was two hundred and fifty miles west of the station in Cornwall. Then he opened his receiver and a message came. It told of the weather prevailing at Penzance and of the swell of the sea there. Mr. Marconi answered it. Two hundred and fifty miles was a long distance, but it was not great enough to cause astonishment.

When the distance had been increased to five hundred miles, the messages were still coming, writing themselves mysteriously, and with emphasis, on the tape. At one thousand miles Cornwall called the captain of the ship and sent him a greeting. At one thousand five hundred miles the words

of the messages were yet dropping, as it seemed, from the sky. But beyond that distance the power of the transmitting apparatus could not carry strongly enough to form complete words. Still, for nearly six hundred miles further the separate signals, particularly the signal for the letter "S," which is the easiest to transmit, came flying into the onward speeding ship, until, when a space of two thousand and ninety-nine miles intervened between the "Philadelphia" and the station in Cornwall, the last faint signal expired and the communication ceased.

Mr. Marconi had sent replies only for a distance of a few hundred miles, because his apparatus on board ship was not powerful enough for long-distance transmission.

When he landed in New York his triumphant answer to the skeptics was in his hands. There were the telegraphic tapes bearing the messages, and accompanied by the signatures of the captain and officers of the ship, attesting their genuineness, if anybody should demand such attestation. Moreover, Mr. Marconi brought an answer to those who had declared that his messages could not be kept secret, that anybody could pick them up with a receiving instrument anywhere on their course through the ether, and that a number of his instruments working in one field of operation would produce a confusion like that of a hundred thunder-tongued brokers yelling in a stock-exchange. He showed that his instruments were so tuned, or syntoned, that they could neither be interfered with nor would interfere with others. And, for a proof, chasing on the heels of the "Philadelphia" came another trans-Atlantic liner, with its telegraphic ears, so to speak, wide open and pricked to catch the Marconigrams undulating over its masts and through its rigging and enveloping it in viewless waves, but nothing could it catch, or hear, while far beyond it, on the curve of the sea, the inventor sat at his instrument and read his messages.

Shall We Transmit Power Without Wires?

The transmission of intelligence from continent to continent and across the continents and between ships and fleets thousands of miles apart, may not be the most wonderful outcome of Mr. Marconi's

recent achievements. Already the suggestion is revived, and treated with respect by technical journals, that the next step will be the wireless transmission of power. Think of a power-station capable of radiating streams of energy through the ether to actuate machinery situated at a distance, as we now send energy through conducting cables!

Picture a trolley-car dashing along a country lane without any poles or wires or underground connections, but deriving its motive power from invisible waves, or streams of electricity permeating the atmosphere or undulating through the earth! Imagine incandescent lamps beginning to glow at the turn of a key without any wires connecting them with the power station! One could carry such lamps about like tallow dips, and make them shine anywhere, and at any moment extinguish them. Of course, this is pushing the suggestion of the wireless transmission of power to extremes, and yet it all legitimately follows if we once suppose the practicability of such transmission established. And in a certain degree it *is* established. Power actually is transmitted without wires at the present time. When electric undulations that have crossed the Atlantic ocean actuate a telephone, or print Morse symbols on a tape, what is that but wireless transmission of power?

It is transmitted with enormous waste of energy, of course, and when the power arrives at its destination its efficiency is rather comparable with that of a fly's wings than with the might of a steam engine—yet most things are insignificant at first.

And then consider that electric energy is like a trigger: it can be caused to let loose greater mechanical powers. This is illustrated in the case of those submarine torpedoes, of which we have recently heard, that are steered by means of electric waves transmitted through the water and governing the machinery that actuates their rudders, so that they can be turned this way and that merely by the manipulation of a wheel on a distant ship or on the shore. To be sure, the difficulties to be overcome are very great, and the laws that govern the electric waves are not yet well mastered, but, as one of the technical journals asks, does the present problem look more vast to

us than the Niagara transmission would have looked to the compeers of Morse and Field had any one proposed it then?

Instead of sneering at those who suggest such a possibility we ought rather to say to them: "You stop short of what lies within reach," and then quote from Tesla's celebrated lecture to the electrical engineers of London, delivered ten years ago:

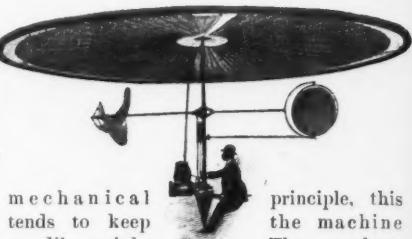
"We shall have no need to *transmit* power at all. Ere many generations pass our machinery will be driven by a power obtainable at any point of the universe. . . . Throughout space there is energy. Is this energy static or kinetic? If static our hopes are vain; if kinetic—and this we know it is for certain—then it is a mere question of time when men will succeed in attaching their machinery to the very wheelwork of nature."

Which is the electrical engineer's interpretation of the same principle of human aspiration that Emerson proclaimed when he advised his hearers to "hitch your wagon to a star."

A Gyroscopic Flying-Machine.

In view of the approaching aeronautical congress at the St. Louis exposition, much interest has been aroused in the public mind, as well as among inventors, concerning the possibilities of aerial flight. The achievements of Santos-Dumont, who announces his intention to take an active part in the congress, have also served to concentrate attention upon this subject.

Among recently invented flying-machines is that of Henri Villard of Paris, who tries to combine in a single apparatus several varying principles, as explained by the Paris correspondent of the "*Scientific American*." The bulkiest part of his machine consists of an umbrella-shaped parachute, with a rigid steel rim and wire spokes. When held by a cord, this behaves after the manner of a kite; when caused to glide forward through the air, it possesses some of the properties of an aéroplane; when a whirling motion is imparted, it becomes a kind of gyroscope. Horizontal motion is supplied by a screw actuated by a motor, and there is a rudder for guiding. By means of gearing, the motor causes the parachute, with its heavy rim, to revolve rapidly, and, in accordance with a well-known



mechanical principle, this tends to keep the machine steadily upright.

The parachute-form, its revolution tends also to lift the machine vertically. Starting from an elevated point, with his machinery in full operation, the inventor thinks he can navigate the air very satisfactorily, and that if he has to come down the parachute-form of the apparatus will save him from hard knocks. With the aéronaut aboard, the entire apparatus is to weigh between six hundred and fifty and seven hundred and fifty pounds, and Mr. Villard calculates that he will not need more than twelve or fourteen horse-power from his motor to drive at the same time the screw that imparts forward motion and the gyroscopic parachute that gives both lifting force and vertical stability.

Wireless Telegraphy from an Automobile.

Mr. Marconi, as a guest of the Automobile Club of America at its annual banquet in the Waldorf-Astoria on March 7th, told a story that interested his hearers. "I have," he said, "a heavy steam motor-car selected for the purpose of experimenting with the possibilities of wireless telegraphy in military maneuvers. The car was fitted with my apparatus at Thorneycrofts in England, and I found that while touring the country I could talk with my base at a distance of thirty miles. This was the limit I found possible, and I believe the auto-car, equipped with wireless apparatus, will be of practical military service. The system is a handy thing for automobiles in general. I had a breakdown in England and was able to send a wireless message to my base asking that dinner be kept hot. On another trip I thought two English policemen were after me and I was able to notify friends to be ready to bail me out if the bobbies should catch up with me."

